

THE
SATURDAY REVIEW
OF
POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,335, Vol. 51.

May 28, 1881.

[Registered for
Transmission abroad.]

Price 6d.

THE PORTE AND THE POWERS.

THE signature of the Convention by which Turkey undertakes to hand over the greater portion of Thessaly to Greece in a period of six months, on terms approved by the Powers, will, it may be hoped, have settled for some time a question very embarrassing to all who had to deal with it. The Greek Government has hitherto successfully resisted the cry of indignation which the terms of the new arrangement naturally excited in a people who are new to political life, have an exaggerated opinion of their own power, and who were carried away by the false hopes held out to them by the Berlin Conference. Fortunately the Greeks are not destitute of common sense, and they have the advantage of being governed by a KING who is in close communication with the heads of other Courts, and knows what it is possible and what it is not possible for his friends to do for him. If the Berlin Conference had not promised more, Greece would now have seemed to have got very much. She is no longer told that she is a young nation and can wait. She has got all of Thessaly that is worth having, she has got a strong position given her in Volo, and she has got the Gulf of Arta neutralized. What she has not got is the privilege of fighting with the Albanians for a corner of Epirus. On the whole, she may be said to have got as much as it is in her real interest to get; and she has got it by the strenuous exertions of the Powers, and especially of England, on her behalf. The European Concert has proved to be a curious piece of machinery. Sometimes it has played its tune loudly, sometimes very faintly. Sometimes it has seemed to cease playing altogether. But in the end it has produced definite and valuable results. It has settled, at least for the moment, the very troublesome Dulcigno and Greek questions. But, although the European Concert has ostensibly done this, it is evident that it has only done this because there has been a concert within a concert. Germany and England have really settled the Greek question. They came to an agreement, and the other Powers looked on with mild complacency while the agreement of Germany and England was forced on the Porte. France was frightened by Germany into standing out of the way. It dropped the Greek question as far too burning when Prince BISMARCK pointed out how very hot it was. With England Prince BISMARCK readily consented to deal. He talked over with Mr. GOSCHEN what amount of pressure should be put on the Porte, and the Porte found that it had no one to support it when it attempted to resist what England and Germany agreed in supporting. That the two Powers which worked towards a result on which they had previously agreed should have also worked in the name and with the concurrence of the other Powers was no doubt advantageous. It prevented jealousy, and cut away the ground from any future remonstrance. It was perhaps comforting to the SULTAN and imposing to the Greeks that when they bowed they were told they were bowing to the will of Europe. But it is no use to try to disguise what has really happened. The European Concert is a scheme of management by which the Powers settle which of them in turn shall do something to the Porte, and what it shall be.

The creation of the Tunis Protectorate is the last something that has been done to the Porte, and it has been done by France with the sanction of the European Con-

cert. All the Powers, except France, allowed that Tunis was part of the Turkish Empire, and the Porte appealed to those who recognized its rights not to allow these rights to be swept away by military force. The answer given by Lord GRANVILLE was the answer given by the representatives of all those to whom the appeal was made. The European Concert was not to be broken up for such a trifle as Tunis. France denied the claims of the Porte, and the best advice Lord GRANVILLE could give the SULTAN was to recommend the BEY to co-operate with the French against the Kroumirs, and thus to localize the dispute and avoid any question as to the sovereignty of the Porte arising. But Mr. GOSCHEN, in acting on the instructions of Lord GRANVILLE, was exceedingly cautious. The SULTAN tried to get him to say that England advised the Porte to order the BEY to co-operate. But Mr. GOSCHEN would say nothing of the kind. To allow that the SULTAN could order the BEY was to allow that he was the BEY's superior, which is precisely what England did allow throughout the discussion. But this would have been to formally contest the assertion of France that the SULTAN had nothing to do with Tunis except as a religious chief. To escape from taking up any position that could be considered as in any way hostile to France was the aim of all the parties to the European Concert. As Lord GRANVILLE frankly told the Porte, the Powers were not going to range themselves on different sides in regard to Tunis. They all shrank from a new Eastern question, and listened in silence, if not with approval, to the declaration of France that, if the Porte sent men or ships to Tunis, France would drive them back. The PRIME MINISTER of the SULTAN subsequently made an appeal to Mr. GOSCHEN in the name of the old friendship of England and Turkey. Mr. GOSCHEN replied that Turkey had long systematically rejected the advice of England and thwarted her in every possible way. SAID PASHA admitted this, but promised that in future Turkey would behave very differently. Mr. GOSCHEN has been long enough at Constantinople to put a proper value on promises of this kind. But, even if he had believed what was said to him, he could have done nothing to earn the gratitude of the Turks. The Powers no longer ask themselves how the Turks ought to be treated, but how they themselves will be affected if the Turks are treated in any particular way. England has satisfied herself that, so long as British subjects are adequately protected in Tunis, it is a matter of indifference to her whether the BEY is a puppet in the hands of France or a puppet in the hands of the SULTAN. For the sake of the European Concert it was clearly desirable that he should accept the former character, and so he now dances to the tune of Paris and not to that of Constantinople, and Europe is happy and at peace.

But it must not be supposed that the machinery of the European Concert is worked in the easy and simple way of one diplomatist telling his colleagues what he thinks of doing, asking whether any one has any objection, and then going and doing it after he has received a kindly smile of assent. What would be the good of diplomatists if no more diplomacy than this were needed? A diplomatist who wants to gain his end must exercise a certain amount of judicious cunning; must shift his ground, give assurances, meet objections, invent delicacies of language, and, if he is a diplomatist of the good old school, use freely the great art

[May 28, 1881.]

of deception. M. ST.-HILAIRE is a thorough diplomatist of the old school. There was no art of his craft to which he did not have resort. He tried modesty; he tried bluster; he tried, and freely tried, what, to be polite, may be termed departing from accuracy of statement. His modesty and his inaccuracy did, to a certain extent, succeed with Lord GRANVILLE. For some time Lord GRANVILLE could not help accepting M. ST.-HILAIRE's positive assurances that nothing more was meant than the punishment of the Kroumirs. But when M. ST.-HILAIRE said that he had no notion how many French ships were in Tunisian waters, Lord GRANVILLE allowed it to be seen that he thought this very odd; and when M. ST.-HILAIRE stated that a large force of French troops had been landed at Biserta merely to take the Kroumirs in the rear, Lord GRANVILLE could not help wondering why any one should think it worth while to tell such a bare-faced departure from strict accuracy. Of one of his diplomatic achievements M. ST.-HILAIRE was extremely proud. He pointed out with triumph to Lord GRANVILLE that he had announced to the Porte that, if Turkish ships were sent to Tunis, France would treat it, not as a *casus belli*—that would have been a rude and gross term for such an accomplished diplomatist—but a “cause of conflict.” Such is the honeyed language of diplomacy, and only great artists like M. ST.-HILAIRE know how to use it. Diplomacy must be of great use if a threat to blow up the ships of another nation can be made pleasant by calling a *casus belli* a cause of conflict. When, instead of modesty and departures from accuracy, M. ST.-HILAIRE tried bluster with Lord GRANVILLE, he did not succeed at all. During the discussion of the Enfida affair M. ST.-HILAIRE suddenly said that he had ordered a French man-of-war to go at once to Tunis and uphold the interests of the French claimant. Lord GRANVILLE at once ordered an English man-of-war to go to Tunis and prevent injustice being done to the English claimant. When M. ST.-HILAIRE learnt that an English ship had really been sent without any notice having been given him, he at once said that a dreadful mistake had been made; that the French ship had been sent, not at all in connexion with the Enfida affair, but to baffle some mysterious project of Turkey, and he was quite ready to agree that both the French and the English ships should go away, and the dispute be left to the tribunals. So, too, when the mask was at last thrown off, and the treaty creating a protectorate had been signed, Lord GRANVILLE was firm, and successfully firm, in insisting on having it recorded that all privileges given to British subjects in Tunis by the BEY should remain in force, and that France had no power to abridge them, except by a new treaty to which England should be a consenting party. The despatches of Lord GRANVILLE are in every way satisfactory when once it is admitted that he was right in avoiding a quarrel and in leaving Turkey unsupported. He was always firm and always courteous; and through his firmness and his courtesy there pierces a delicate and polished contempt for the tricks and subterfuges of the diplomatist of the old school, who was plotting and evading in the style recognized as masterly in the days of LOUIS PHILIPPE.

THE PRESTON ELECTION.

THE result of the Preston election is sufficiently remarkable to justify inquiry into its probable causes. The divergence of political opinion among constituencies which seem to be socially and economically similar is not a little puzzling. In Lancashire, Preston, Wigan, and Liverpool have for some time past inclined to Conservatism, while other large towns in the same county elect Liberal members by decisive majorities. The triumphant return of Mr. ECROUDY requires further explanation. At the general election Sir JOHN HOLKER defeated one of the Liberal candidates by less than 300 votes. The Conservative majority on the present occasion exceeds 1,600. The Irish voters in the borough probably followed the advice of their leaders by supporting Mr. YATES THOMPSON, and perhaps, as on some other occasions, their alliance may have deprived the Liberal party of more votes than it added. Mr. THOMPSON, a candidate of estimable character and of considerable ability, has some official experience, and in his earlier days he received the compliment of being invited to contest one of the county divisions as

colleague of Mr. GLADSTONE. Mr. ECROUDY, a manufacturer, now or formerly belonging to the Society of Friends, was also a creditable representative of his party; but he was only the subject of a second choice; and there is no reason to suppose that his personal claims excited any extraordinary feeling of enthusiasm. It is possible that his success indicates a current of Conservative reaction; but there have been hitherto no certain signs of such a tendency in the country at large. There is probably some special reason for the decision of the Preston electors; and the only peculiarity in Mr. ECROUDY's political creed is that he is an advocate of that form of protectionism which is known as Reciprocity. The depression of industrial enterprise is probably felt at Preston as well as in other manufacturing districts; and it is not surprising that the suggestion of any kind of remedy should be accepted with favour. The imposition of high duties on foreign produce would in any case be capricious and partial, because it would be obviously impossible to exclude or discourage the importation of food or of the raw material of industry. The competition in the home market of imported manufactures is only in a few cases felt as a practical evil. The real grievance to English producers is that they are, through a vicious commercial policy, either excluded from European and American markets or hampered in their dealings with excessive duties. The temptation to retaliate is perfectly intelligible, for experience shows that consumers are often ready to sacrifice their own interests by consenting to an artificial dearth. The system of commercial treaties has necessarily tended to confirm the delusion that the duties are more profitable to the foreign producer than to the domestic consumer. Mr. COBDEN was not himself misled by the fallacies which he nevertheless encouraged during the negotiation of the French Treaty. The supporters of reciprocity generally profess to approve the principles of Free-trade, under the impossible condition that it should be equal and universal. In the meantime, they propose to wage a war of tariffs which would, amongst other inconveniences, confirm the prejudices of their foreign competitors. It is not improbable that Mr. ECROUDY owes a part of his local popularity to his concurrence in the fallacious theory of reciprocity. It may be hoped that the Conservative party will not identify itself with a document which is fundamentally erroneous. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE has on more than one occasion forcibly exposed this fallacy, to which some of his political allies are too much inclined. Lord BEACONSFIELD, in one of his latest speeches, though he had, perhaps, not thoroughly emancipated himself from the influence of a false economic theory, warned his party against the blunder of pledging itself to a policy which he recognized as impracticable. The caution may, perhaps, have been rendered more necessary by the Preston election.

The heresies of reactionary politicians are partially excused, though they cannot be justified, by the intolerant dogmatism of complacent Liberals. Mr. BRIGHT and many orators of inferior rank have for a generation or two incessantly taunted their adversaries with the assumed failure of predictions which have nevertheless been tardily but indisputably fulfilled. In the days of the Corn-Law League landowners and farmers loudly proclaimed their apprehension that the withdrawal of Protection would result in the ruin of English agriculture. In many instances their fears pointed in the wrong direction, as when the fabulous fertility of the Russian province of Tamboff was supposed to render domestic competition hopeless. On the other hand, it seemed evident that Free-trade in corn would be useless if it produced no reduction of price. Mr. COBDEN's persuasive ingenuity failed to satisfy producers that they would profit by the increased cheapness of the commodity in which they dealt. When an agitation for the establishment of sound principles prevailed by preponderance of numbers rather than by strength of argument, the most sanguine anticipations seemed to be justified by the result. The years which followed were, even for farmers, among the most prosperous on record. The price of corn was not extraordinarily low; the consumption of butchers' meat was enormously increased; and the monopoly of live stock was but imperceptibly disturbed by importations from neighbouring Continental ports. In those days the Chicago corn elevators existed only on a comparatively small scale; and the possibility of conveying live cattle across the Atlantic by steam had only been imagined by a

few speculative projectors. The revolution in agriculture which seemed to have been unaccountably averted has, after five-and-forty years, suddenly, and perhaps irreversibly, occurred. The process of ruin has been accelerated by two or three cold and rainy summers; but in former times the rise of prices after a bad harvest in some degree compensated farmers for the deficiency of their crops. The failure of the harvest at home is now abundantly supplied from abroad, to the great advantage of the general community, but with the result of rendering the condition of the domestic producer hopeless. Many hundreds of farms are consequently thrown on the hands of the owners, while the former occupiers seek other modes of subsistence; and the Liberal economists and politicians who chuckle over the misfortunes of the landlords can scarcely regard with satisfaction the relapse of large tracts of land into the condition of a desert. The popular clamour for increased application of capital to the land becomes absurd when neither landlord nor tenant can cultivate at a profit. The widespread distress which has fallen on the land is the result of natural laws. The cost of retaining the Corn-laws would have been still greater; but, if the land were at this moment divided among two or three millions of freeholders, a demand for Protection would be raised which it might be difficult to resist. Monopoly, however unjust, is comparatively secure when it rests on a broad basis of interested support.

The political prophets of evil who denounced the dangers of the earliest democratic innovation may, if any of them survive, boast with equal truth of the fulfilment of their predictions. One of their errors consisted in their imperfect comprehension of the necessity and of the utility of the changes which they deprecated; and, like many other oracular alarmists, they miscalculated the date at which their terrors were to be realized. The Reform Bill of 1832 was, on the whole, just and expedient; and its advantages were illustrated by a long period of beneficent legislation. The opponents of the measure had, perhaps, become convinced of the mistake which they had committed, when, through the vanity and ambition of rival party leaders, the agitation for further extension of the franchise was prematurely revived. Household suffrage in boroughs was followed by the introduction of the practice of secret voting which had been with difficulty staved off at the time of the first Reform Bill. The present Parliament will complete the transfer of all electoral power into the hands of the class which lives on weekly wages; and almost every kind of property is simultaneously menaced with attack. Demagogues loudly threaten the application to Great Britain of a legislation which is professedly required by the exceptional circumstances of Ireland; and it is universally felt that revolutionary doctrines have made a greater advance within one or two years than in the long interval which separated the Reform Bill from the last general election. Day by day more and more supporters of the party of movement drop off, and decline to share any further in the downward progress; but the natural protectors of property, of order, and of liberty, have lost the greater part of their former influence. They will destroy any chance which may remain of recovering a portion of political power if they ally themselves with the professors of false economical doctrines. The Opposition will have been injured by the Preston majority if it is misled into complicity with Protection or fiscal retaliation.

THE IRISH LAND BILL.

THE salutary custom which interposes—at least in the earlier days of the Session—some little interval between the second reading of an important measure and the time of going into Committee can seldom have been more salutary than in the case of the Irish Land Bill. That, under the circumstances, it would be a grave responsibility for any party to throw out that Bill, unless they are prepared to govern Ireland by the strong hand and to meet its demands in a different but equally sweeping fashion, has been sufficiently contended already. That, under the same circumstances, the grave objections which serious politicians not prepared to sacrifice economical and social principles must feel to the Bill were justly vindicated by the taking of a division on the second reading has been also sufficiently made clear. It is important,

however, to distinguish between the real and the factitious significance of a division, however one-sided, on the second reading. There are persons who, when it suits them, assume that such a division settles the matter. The House has spoken; the cause is finished. Those who happen to be somewhat less lightly equipped with historical and constitutional knowledge than is the wont of some public instructors nowadays know that nothing can be further from the truth. The significance of a majority, large or small, on the second reading of a great Government Bill is simply this; first, that the House of Commons does not immediately desire a change of Ministry; secondly, that it thinks that the measure before it may, with more or less alteration, be possibly made a good Bill. No House of Commons is further pledged than this by the most overwhelming division at this particular juncture; and the arguments by which Mr. GLADSTONE and other Government speakers strove to make it appear that the Opposition were doing something unheard of in supporting an amendment will bear the test of history as little as the test of common sense.

The field therefore remains open for criticism, but it remains open in a somewhat different direction. Events may still occur which might make it the duty of the Opposition to propose the rejection of the Bill on the third reading, or which might throw on the House of Lords the graver responsibility of appealing to the constituencies, but that is not yet. For weeks, probably for many weeks, it will be the duty of hostile critics of the measure to do their utmost to reduce it to such form as may possibly do good while not certainly doing counter-balancing harm. In so huge a Bill, it may seem difficult to single out those parts which may be characterized as dubiously just and wise experiments, and those which must be described as absolutely unjust or certain of failure. Yet, with a certain latitude of discrimination, the thing can be done. The schemes, vague and ill-defined it is true, for the creation of a peasant proprietary, for the improvement of waste lands, for the encouragement of emigration, and the like, may be assented to, if properly guarded, without much misgiving. They will probably fail, because they are what is commonly, if absurdly, called an attempt to play Providence. But they might succeed by accident; it would be a good thing if they did succeed; and if their success is in any way possible, it could be obtained without any necessary injustice or confiscation. So also it is possible, though the means would have to be very carefully considered, that a scheme for arranging with landlords for the giving up of their lands at a fair price, should they dislike the servitudes which the Bill imposes on them, might be framed. In the case especially of purchasers under the Encumbered Estates Acts, and those who have expended money in buying up rights conferred by the Act of 1870, something of the sort seems absolutely necessary. But when we come to the three F's, it is manifest that the battle begins. It is imperative that the Opposition should use every means in its power to prevent the gross injustice of valuing the competition value on the tenants' instead of on the landlords' side, and the still grosser injustice of the resurrection of bought-up tenant-right. Mr. KAVANAGH, an excellent authority but not a professional lawyer, doubts whether this last is definitely contemplated by the Bill. It is significant that the ablest lawyers to be found in Ireland think it is, and that the specially retained champions of the Government do not assert definitely that it is not. That a tenant should be established in his holding at a fair competition rent for an arbitrary term of years at his landlord's peril if he, paying duly and breaking no covenant, is turned out, is an unnecessary and intrinsically absurd violation of certain very obvious principles, but it is not in itself a thing to make a revolution about. It amounts in effect to a clumsy legislative enactment of the Scotch system of long leases; and if the Government see the salvation of Ireland in it, they must, after the expression of the opinion of the present House of Commons, be left to their probably foolish dreams. But as the presentation to a fortuitous tenant who happens to be in occupation in this year of grace of a tenant-right not merely growing out of, but forming part of, his landlord's property, is demonstrably unjust, destructive of confidence, and fatal to the prosperity of Ireland, that will most assuredly have to be opposed. The other points on which the Government will, if they are wise, accept correction of their form-

less bantling are numerous, but of minor importance, and require a certain digestion of the amendments moved, or to be moved, before they can be properly appreciated. The number of these amendments is already vast, and although its vastness is to a certain extent delusive, the utmost sifting will still leave a formidable array. On all important Bills notice is given of numerous amendments which overlap or include each other, or which are afterwards abandoned by their proposers without division or debate. But in this case it need not be doubted that the residue will be formidable enough. The proportion of these to be moved by supporters of the Government is considerable, and may account for the conciliatory tone which Mr. GLADSTONE adopted. This tone contrasted remarkably with that of the Irish ATTORNEY-GENERAL, who has indeed been uniformly unfortunate in his speeches on this subject. The doctrine that the assumed iniquity of a possession bars the possessor's right to compensation will hardly be accepted.

The digression which the Irish members have made during the present week in reference to the working of the Coercion measures has, practically, not much to do with the Land Bill. Mr. FORSTER is in reality face to face with a problem quite different from that with which Mr. GLADSTONE imagines himself to be dealing. The rejection of the Land Bill might—indeed, it undoubtedly would—serve as the pretext for an aggravation of the hardly masked rebellion which exists in some parts of Ireland; its acceptance would assuredly not put an end to that rebellion. The defence which Mr. FORSTER made on Tuesday against his Irish assailants was conclusive enough; the defence which he did not make against another and a very different class of assailants would have been but feeble. His fault is that he has nibbled at the evil weeds which have choked Irish politics instead of sweeping them down with a single blow of the scythe with which he was furnished by the Coercion Acts. Leader after leader has been arrested, but the arrests have been piecemeal, dilatory, hesitating, giving time for recruits to step into the vacant place, and encouraging a belief in the minds of the disaffected that the Government is afraid to hit out boldly and decisively for fear of its Radical allies. It is hardly too much to say that every man now in gaol under the Act might have been in gaol within twenty-four hours after it came into effect. Such a sweep of the net would have struck terror into the evil-meaning and have refreshed and heartened the good. The Government have chosen to pursue a wholly different plan. They have, as has just been said, nibbled at the conspiracy; they have struck at it and then run away, after the fashion of small children who, though animated by a certain pugnacity, are afraid to close with their antagonists. Therefore it flourishes. The doctrine of a general strike against rent has been promulgated by Land League fire-eaters, received with no great disapproval by their clerical allies, heard with demonstrative shakings of the head by Radical players on the strings of popular gullibility in England. First the cry was "No evictions," then "No rack rents," then "Griffith's Valuation," then what the tenant could afford to give, then a strike against rent as rent. The fact of this last development must be before the House of Commons as it studies the Land Bill in Committee; and it ought to influence their conclusions, not necessarily in the way of an absolute rejection or vital mutilation of the measure, but certainly so as to prevent them from entertaining the idle and absurd notion that a slice of the landlord's property, hastily awarded, will stay the stomach of Irish hunger for that which is not the hungerer's.

JEWS IN RUSSIA.

IT is strange that a persecution of the Jews at the present day should recall mediæval precedents which had long been deemed obsolete. In France, or in Paris, for there are still prejudices in remote districts, the Jews have enjoyed freedom and equality since the Revolution, and in later times they have had their fair share of office and distinction. One of their number was a member of the Republican Governments of 1848 and 1870, and another was one of the most considerable Ministers of the Second Empire. The removal of the disabilities to which they were subject in England was effected at a later period; and it is even now not theoretically complete. The possible creation of a Jewish peer would, for the first time, raise

the question whether he would be allowed to sit in the House of Lords. In the meantime many Jews have been elected to the House of Commons, though it is almost impossible for a Roman Catholic to find a seat for any constituency in Great Britain. The religious prejudice against an unpopular Christian sect has oddly survived the distaste with which the admission of non-Christians to Parliament was once regarded by almost all classes. The profession of the Jewish faith is no disqualification for success in liberal professions; and one of the ablest and highest in rank among the judges belongs to the Jewish community. The sudden agitation against the Jews in Germany and Russia has caused natural surprise. The most active promoter of the German movement is one of the EMPEROR's chaplains; and it is suspected that the CHANCELLOR himself regards the persecution with a certain favour. As orthodox enthusiasm is rare among German Protestants, it may be assumed that dislike to the Jews is founded on social or commercial grounds rather than on religious fanaticism. One of the pretexts for popular clamour is the large share which Jewish writers are supposed to take in the conduct of newspapers, some of which represent ultra-Liberal opinions. The prosperity of the Jews as dealers in money, both on a large and on a small scale, is probably a more operative cause of popular dislike. If it were necessary to speculate on the tendencies of a separate national descent and a peculiar religion, it might seem probable that an isolated minority would be wanting in patriotic feeling; but in practice it has been found that Jews, when they are treated as equals by their neighbours, share all their sympathies, and even their prejudices. No German seriously believes that his countrymen of Jewish extraction are especially prone to the cosmopolitan form of disloyalty.

The genius of the Jews for finance has in many countries exposed them to popular antipathy. COBBETT, who impersonated all the rustic prejudices which flourished in his time, classed them with Quakers as burdens on the community, because they were seldom known to engage in manual labour. His dislike went so far that he complained of a shock to his religious sentiments through the profane utterances in the synagogues which he professed to have heard as he walked about the streets on Saturdays. A simple-minded deputy to the Constituent Assembly of 1848 had received from his electors the solitary mandate that he should relieve them from the whole or part of their debts to Jew money-lenders. Some of the Jacobin members, discovering their colleague's foible, persuaded him to join in a revolutionary plot of which he understood nothing by promising that they would forward his schemes against the Jews. In parts of the Continent the Jews have a monopoly of more than one lucrative trade; and those who would gladly become their competitors feel towards them as Irish labourers in California regard the Chinese. The aristocracy cultivate a milder jealousy of the great financiers who are idealized in Lord BEACONSFIELD's romances. In the less civilized parts of Europe the contrast between Jewish traders and the peasantry becomes more strongly marked. The Roumanians have long set an example of persecution, which has been recently followed at a distance by enlightened Germans. At the Congress of Berlin the Roumanian Jews were thought to require and to deserve the protection of Europe; and perhaps the intervention of more than one Government in their favour may have produced a beneficial result. The Jew baiters, as they are called, use less rude methods than the Roumanian populace; but the social ostracism which they strive to enforce is in a high degree oppressive. The promoters of the movement cannot expect to drive the Jews out of Germany, or of Russia, or even to deprive them of their property. Persecution in modern times is more wanton and more spiteful than in ages when it was thought possible to exterminate an obnoxious race or sect. Even if it were expedient to destroy or expel the whole body of Jews, it is useless to make their lives miserable. The peasants of Southern Russia are more logical when they indulge, not in vituperation, but in robbery and murder.

It is not known whether the factious German agitation has been in any way connected with the outrages which have lately been perpetrated in Odessa, and in other parts of Southern Russia. The immediate cause of the disturbances may probably have been the agricultural distress, which in some districts has amounted to famine. A starving population naturally looks to those who are

comparatively rich, both as objects of envy and as victims who may be profitably plundered. It is possible that an ignorant populace may at the same time have been influenced by sectarian and superstitious motives. The old fable of the sacrifice of Christian children as an annual Jewish rite has strangely survived in many countries from the time of HUGH of Lincoln, or perhaps from a much earlier date. Easter is consequently a dangerous season when by any means the ordinary hatred of the Jews has received some fresh impulse. On the present occasion the ringleaders of the movement have appealed to the familiar legend, probably with pretended testimony of recent renewals of traditional crime. Revenge, when it is undertaken by a starving mob, is easily associated with rapine. The rioters in many places have not only committed acts of violence against the Jews, but have robbed them of all the property that could be found. A thrifty and business-like community is not likely in a time of danger to have left the whole of its valuable possessions within reach of the robbers. The suffering which has been inflicted is severe, and it is probably unprovoked by any deviation from ordinary practice. As a general rule, the Jews are, either as money-lenders or as dealers in commodities, creditors of those among whom they live. The cultivation of animosity is greatly facilitated by visible distinctions of appearance or of costume. The Russian Jew, though he is of a different type from his co-religionists in Western Europe, is probably not less easily recognized. There is therefore no occasion for predatory mobs to practise the indiscriminate violence which was, according to the old story, enjoined by the ecclesiastical authorities on the troops which defeated and slew the Albigenses. It must be satisfactory to burn the house or seize the furniture of a creditor or wealthy neighbour who is also a heretic and an alien.

A deputation of respectable Jews to protest against the outrages has been courteously received by the EMPEROR, who will probably take steps for their protection. Shortly afterwards another deputation waited on the English FOREIGN SECRETARY with reference to the case of Mr. LEWISOHN. It is said that in the course of conversation the EMPEROR asked the delegates the pertinent question why the Jews are so unpopular. Even if they had not been disposed to speak with perfect candour, they would probably have been unable to gratify the EMPEROR's legitimate curiosity. Classes, like persons, are not sensitively alive to their own peculiarities, and they are apt to attribute any unfriendly feelings which they excite rather to their virtues than their defects. The deputation may have thought, if not said, that they were disliked by the peasantry because they were more sober, more thrifty, and more prosperous than their Christian neighbours; yet a widely-spread feeling of antipathy has for the most part some real foundation. A closely banded minority has always vices of its own. Its members act in concert against the general community, and pack their cards for their own advantage. It is to their close union among themselves that Greeks, Armenians, Quakers, and Scotchmen owe much of their success in business. Notwithstanding the doubts which he may have entertained whether the Jews were to any extent responsible for their own misfortunes, the EMPEROR may be supposed to sympathize with sufferers from lawlessness and anarchy. It is possible that among the promoters of riots which have almost approached to insurrection may have been some of the Nihilist conspirators. It may have been their interest to accustom the populace and the peasantry to violation of the law; and every disturbance increases the difficulties of the Government which they seek to overthrow. There is no doubt that the agitation will be suppressed; but the Jews will henceforth feel that they hold their property and their safety by an uncertain tenure.

AGRICULTURAL DEPRESSION IN ENGLAND.

EVERY ONE has heard of the depressed state of English agriculture. Every one knows personally or by reputation farmers who have been broken, and landlords who cannot get in their rents, and have had to face, if not ruin, yet very serious distress. A state of things has undoubtedly existed for some time, and still exists, which justly awakens much anxiety for the future of the country, and profound sympathy for the sufferers. But nothing is more difficult than to ascertain what is the real

extent of the depression, over how large a portion of England it prevails, and how far it is due to temporary or to permanent causes. If any one who was expatiating on agricultural depression was asked what was the area of which he was speaking, and whether he meant that a half, or more or less than a half, of England was affected by this depression, he would, unless he happened to be a man of extraordinary and exceptional knowledge, be utterly unable to give an answer. People know their own districts, and hear on good authority about the districts of their friends, but they only speak on very vague information as to districts with which they are unconnected. Any one, therefore, who attempts to collect something like systematic information as to a large number of counties is rendering a very great service to the public. Such an attempt has recently been made with regard to Central and Southern England by Mr. STURGE, and the statistics he has collected are of great value. He gives us a picture of the calamities of no fewer than sixteen counties, and he tells us enough to show that in these counties there is much distress, and a reduction of rents which is widely spread, if not general. But it may be remarked at the outset that he has naturally chosen the counties where depression was known to exist. A very considerable, and indeed the larger, portion of England seems as yet unaffected. There is nothing like serious depression in the Northern counties, in Wales, in the counties of the extreme South-west, or in the counties close to London. Even in the counties where depression undoubtedly exists, and as to which Mr. STURGE gives particulars, it is impossible to gather from the statistics how large a part of each county is affected. It is a rough guess, but it is apparently a safe guess, to say that serious depression has not as yet touched above a third of England. It is said that next autumn a further large number of farms will be abandoned; and it is also said that a dry year and a good harvest may still save many farmers. Things may get worse or better; but, for the moment, we want to know, not what will happen, but what has happened and is happening now. Mr. STURGE has made a most welcome contribution to our knowledge on this point. But we may preface a summary of the leading data which he furnishes by remarking that it is unwise to attach too much importance to some of the signs of calamity on which he dwells. He often tells us that the market value of land has greatly declined in the county of which he is speaking, or that farms have been let at a lower rent. Landowners are passing through a time of uncertainty almost amounting to a panic. At such a time, land, like every other commodity, falls in present value; but we can never be sure until the panic is over whether the fall is due to the mere uncertainty, or to the fact that adverse calculations are the right calculations. Landowners are, as a rule, much more uncertain than hopeless. There is a large amount of land in the market, but it is not sold because the landowners will not sell unless they get what they consider a proper price. What is now called the market price of land is often the price offered by a person who does not wish to buy to a person who does not wish to sell. Rents in a time of uncertainty fall more than the value of land, because the landlord ardently desires a present income, and he is willing to accept calculations which he thinks too adverse, partly because he cannot afford to wait, and partly because he thinks that in a short time he will be able to exact better terms.

The statistics given us by Mr. STURGE may be divided under two heads. There are the statistics which show something like ruin to the landowner, and there are the statistics which show that landowners are passing through a bad time, which may or may not be permanent. Under the former head fall such statistics as the following. In the fens of Lincolnshire many farmers would gladly let to any tenants who would pay the rates and taxes. In Huntingdonshire marsh fenland, with little or no clay under it, will hardly let at all, and many of the old tenants are continued in possession as care-takers. In western Shropshire several cold, undrained farms cannot find tenants at all. In Worcestershire, on one estate only one farm is tenanted, and it is calculated that it will require an expenditure equal to six years' rent to bring the other farms into condition again. On the stiff soils of Warwickshire most landowners have some farms unlet; on two estates the greater portion is unlet. In one parish in South Warwickshire of 3,000 acres, four-fifths are unoccupied. The meadows and pastures are let by auction, and

the adjacent arable land is thrown in without being valued. In Northamptonshire we learn that a valuer who was recently called in to settle the rent on a cold soil farm declined to do so, saying that such land at the present time could not be said to have any letting value. At Ampthill in Bedfordshire a tenant recently refused to pay rates, because he paid no rent for his farm of 407 acres, which a few years since let at 36s. an acre. In Hertfordshire one farm of 400 acres is occupied rent free, the tenant merely agreeing to keep it in cultivation, and on another estate 1,600 acres are tenantless. In Essex a general rule was established last Michaelmas that a new tenant should hold his land rent free for one year, and then at a rent of about half of the old rent. In Oxfordshire, Mr. STURGE tells us, it is difficult to estimate the value of light poor land, as a great deal of it cannot be let at any price. On one estate of 2,000 acres there are 1,500 unoccupied. In Wiltshire a large portion of the farms on the northern edge of Salisbury Plain are unlet. On one estate in Wiltshire all the tenants have left, and the land is now covered with grass and weeds; and on another estate some of the stiff land farms have been re-let the first year rent free, and after the first year at less than half the former rent. Finally, on an estate of a moderate size in West Sussex, 5,000 acres are on the owner's hands; and on one in Hants eight out of ten large farms are tenantless, and for the most part uncultivated. All these are cases where landowners, unless they have other sources of income, must be undergoing very great distress. But it may be noticed that they are the most startling cases Mr. STURGE could find; that they extend, after all, to a very small part of England; and that what they show is that land with a stiff soil may get, after a succession of unusually wet years, into such a condition as to be temporarily valueless, and that some light poor soil has been brought under the plough which was never worth the expense of reclaiming it from the down or the firwood to which it naturally belonged.

The instances given by Mr. STURGE of reduction of rents are too numerous to make it possible to follow him through them. We may gather from them that when the land has been good, well situated, and of a character not to be much affected by wet, rents have not been reduced. Where the rain has done some damage, but not much, there has been a reduction of 10 to 15 per cent.; where the wet has done very great damage, and yet has left the land so that there is a fair prospect of it coming round, the rent has been reduced to perhaps, on an average, one-half. Dismal, and accurately dismal, as is the picture which Mr. STURGE draws, it has yet its cheering side. His statistics confirm what was said by all the most experienced witnesses who gave their evidence to the Richmond Commission—that the main cause of depression was the weather. It is mainly the rain that has beaten the farmer and impoverished the landlords. It is the special quality of the soil in reference to its liability to deterioration under heavy prolonged rain that has made farms tenantless or left the landowner with half his old rent. Dry seasons, and the expenditure of money and trouble on stiff land, will bring back the natural capacity of the soil. But even a favourable time may not bring back the old rent, as the chance of a new succession of wet years will henceforth be a recognized risk, against which the tenant will have to ensure by giving a lower average rent. Some land, but an insignificant part of the area of England, will go out of cultivation, because it is entirely unfit for cultivation. Another part, much larger, but not anything like the bulk of English land, will continue to be cultivated at permanently lower rents on account of the specially adverse influence which successive wet seasons exercise on it. The main area of English land will be let continuously at rents possibly above, possibly below, present rents, according as felicity of situation or new skill and more capital enable, or do not enable, the cultivators to stand the pressure of foreign competition.

AMERICA.

THE contest between the President of the UNITED STATES and the section of the Republican party which follows Mr. CONKLING has thus far been decided in favour of the higher dignitary. The nomination of Mr. ROBERTSON as Collector of Customs at New York has been approved by the Senate without a division; and Mr. CONKLING has re-

signed his seat in the Senate. On the other hand, General GARFIELD, with a laudable disinclination to widen the breach, has appointed friends or dependents of Mr. CONKLING to certain vacant offices; but it is scarcely probable that he will succeed in conciliating his defeated adversary. Mr. BLAINE, Secretary of State, is thought to have achieved a political triumph by proving that the rival whose ambition he had already disappointed is unable even to secure the patronage of his own State. Before and during the Convention at Chicago Mr. CONKLING was the most active and powerful supporter of General GRANT, while Mr. BLAINE organized the majority which, after some failures, nominated General GARFIELD. It was only after some hesitation that Mr. CONKLING was persuaded to make an oratorical tour in advocacy of the claims of the Republican candidate; but he ultimately yielded to the pressure of the party on an understanding, as he alleges, that he should be rewarded with the patronage of New York. Mr. CONKLING complains that the PRESIDENT repeated the pledge either in express words or by implication in one or more interviews at Washington. He was accordingly shocked and surprised when the most valuable appointment in the gift of the PRESIDENT was given to a local opponent. In the transaction which has raised so bitter a controversy, neither party regarded the object of improving the tenure of the Civil Service. The PRESIDENT dismissed Mr. MERRITT, who seems to have been an efficient officer, for the sole purpose of making room for Mr. ROBERTSON. Mr. CONKLING's objection to the successful candidate was not that he was incompetent, but that he had opposed the Republican Senator in the State politics of New York. There could be no doubt that General GARFIELD or Mr. BLAINE intended the nomination to operate as a challenge. Mr. MERRITT, who seems to be unconnected with Mr. CONKLING, is consoled by another lucrative office.

It is impossible for a foreigner to take interest in a personal contest between Mr. CONKLING and Mr. BLAINE; but it would seem that the result tends to limit the pretensions which since Mr. ANDREW JOHNSON's Presidency have been advanced by senators of the dominant party. In former times the nomination of the President was usually accepted as of course, especially when his own party commanded a majority in the Senate. The rupture between Mr. ANDREW JOHNSON and the Senate, which was then largely Republican, rendered the practice of rejecting nominations usual, and for the most part final. The Senators of the majority arranged among themselves the distribution of patronage, allowing the President a certain share on condition of his acquiescence in their claims. General GRANT, who on the eve of his first election thought it expedient to concur in the clamour against Mr. ANDREW JOHNSON, found to his disappointment on acceding to office that he had weakened the executive power in favour of the Senate. After a faint attempt to secure independence, he made terms with the leading Republican Senators by transferring to them the largest portion of his own patronage. In Mr. HAYES's time there was no overt collision. The actual PRESIDENT apparently designs to increase his own power at the expense of the politicians to whom he owes his election. He has taken advantage of the balance of parties in the Senate to exert his own prerogative. The Democrats, who, in consequence of the apostasy of MAHONE, are no longer in a majority, would probably have voted for Mr. ROBERTSON, if the Senate had divided on the question of the nomination. The appointment was perhaps confirmed because it was known that it would be supported by the Democrats and by a majority of the Republican party. For some weeks after the beginning of the Session no business was done, and the Senate found no time to meet in executive Session. It is not yet clearly understood whether the Republicans resolved to consider the nominations because appointments were evidently required for the benefit of the public service. It is understood that the Senate, in its legislative character, has resumed the former deadlock, so that the transaction of business is indefinitely postponed. Happy is the country which can afford to indulge the more important branch of its Legislature in empty trials of party strength or of personal popularity.

Mr. CONKLING seems not to have consulted his own interest in his hasty resignation. The Legislature of New York is at present Republican, but the party may not perhaps be unanimous in re-electing the former Senator. His colleague, Mr. PLATT, follows Mr. CONKLING's fortunes with some risk to himself. Mr. GARFIELD

has probably friends at Albany, and their number may perhaps increase if they are found to be on the winning side. The Republicans of both sections are naturally annoyed with a schism which obviously tends to weaken the party, and the supremacy of the Republicans is more unstable in New York than in some other Northern States. Mr. CONKLING's influence depended principally on the skill with which he had contrived to defeat the New York Democrats. A division in the ranks of the dominant party will give fresh chances to the enemy. The blame of the division may be plausibly attributed either to Mr. BLAINE or Mr. CONKLING; but the general opinion in such cases always condemns the defeated combatant. Mr. CONKLING seems to have made a second mistake within a year in quarrelling with the PRESIDENT. He had previously staked his reputation as a skilful manager on the re-election of General GRANT, whose claims have since his defeat fallen into oblivion. It must be in a high degree mortifying to have been outmanoeuvred by Mr. BLAINE. It is now thought probable that the autumn elections in New York, and perhaps in some other States, will, through the division in the Republican forces, result in a victory for the Democrats. The party which has been dominant for twenty years will represent the blunders of partisans who have sacrificed its supremacy to their own vanity or ambition. To foreigners it is almost as difficult to distinguish between the doctrines of the two great parties as to estimate the claims of their respective leaders; but perhaps it might be for the public benefit that the Democrats should at last have a turn of office. They are pledged by their long-continued criticism of Republican administrations to avoid their principal errors. They also include in their numbers the only supporters of sound economic policy; but probably they will not meddle with the existing tariff.

If the rebuff inflicted on Mr. CONKLING has any political motive or tendency, it must imply a belief on the part of American Senators that the powers of the President have of late years been unduly restricted. In other countries, and perhaps in the United States, it is found that patronage is most purely administered when it is concentrated in a few hands. A Minister or a President, who may perhaps not be wholly exempt from an inclination to job, soon exhausts the list of his personal connexions and favourites. He is thenceforth at liberty to reward merit and to consider ability and character; and it is his interest to surround himself with able assistants and to satisfy the public judgment by his nominations. For these reasons the President can be more safely trusted with the distribution of office than a Senator who has no pretension to patronage outside his own State, and who must reward his own local supporters out of his comparatively small resources. General GRANT would perhaps not have made so many disreputable appointments if he had not been deprived by the action of the Senate of the control of all but a limited number of appointments. In one or two instances his most creditable selections were vetoed by the Senate on the express ground that he had not sufficiently consulted the wishes of politicians of influence. The advantage of entrusting the disposal of office to the leaders of the Senate is not demonstrated by the tedious wrangle on the appointment of their own Sergeant-at-Arms and his assistants. Hundreds of competent candidates might be found; but there is no question of qualification. The Democrats insist on maintaining the present incumbents in their places, at least till the next meeting of Congress in December. The Republicans, on the other hand, with better reason, contended that a majority, however small, ought to be paramount; but the resignations of Mr. CONKLING and Mr. PLATT have for the time left the numbers equal. The argument that a majority, when it exists, should prevail is consistent with the whole spirit of the national institutions; but, unfortunately, a bare majority is unable to assert its right against a powerful Opposition. If any important question should arise, both parties might perhaps discontinue the tiresome squabble.

LOCAL INDEBTEDNESS.

THE short debate on Mr. PELL's motion to associate with the Budget a Ministerial statement of local taxation and finance was more interesting than might be supposed from the subject. The motion itself was nega-

tived, and even if it had been carried it is doubtful whether it would have had any appreciable value. The submission of an annual statement to Parliament is not always a very effectual way of calling attention to the matters embodied in it. Even the presentation of the Indian Budget, in which the Imperial Parliament is far more directly concerned than it is likely to be in the accounts of local authorities at home, is very little better than a form; and an abstract of local receipts and local expenditure might excite even less interest. It is certainly desirable that local authorities should be made to keep their accounts properly, and that facts which might have been clearly set out in four pages should not, as according to Mr. PELL they sometimes are, be spread obscurely over two hundred. Still, no matter how plain an account is made, it is useless to expect that any one who is not interested in its contents will care to read it. The people who are interested in local finance are not members of Parliament, but local ratepayers; and it is for their benefit rather than for that of the Legislature that a proper statement is desirable. If Mr. PELL could ensure the compulsory presentation of local accounts in the same form, so that the ratepayers in every district would be able to detect instantly what difference there is between their budget and the budget of some other district which is known to lay out its money to advantage, he would at least make economy possible. At present it hardly is possible. Each local authority keeps its accounts as it likes, and consequently there is no opportunity for comparing one with another. The only people whom it is of much use to impress with the importance of saving money are the people with whom it rests whether to save or to spend it. If a body of ratepayers choose to be extravagant it is not easy to say how they are to be prevented. But they may be made to be extravagant with their eyes open instead of with their eyes shut, and that is in itself a change which is worth something.

The growth of local indebtedness, which was the real burden of Mr. PELL's speech, is fast becoming a very serious matter. Local authorities all over the country are tasting to the full the sweets of borrowing money. In June 1874 they owed 84,000,000. In March 1879, not quite five years later, they owed 128,000,000. They now owe 150,000,000, and their indebtedness is increasing at the rate of 10,000,000 a year. It cannot be denied that these are somewhat alarming figures. If they continue to reproduce themselves in the same fashion, in fifty years a local debt will have been created equal in magnitude to the Imperial Debt. In that case, what will be the security for its repayment? Mr. PELL says that the National Debt will not have to be paid off "more imperatively and necessarily" than these local loans. If this means that these local loans have behind them an implied Imperial guarantee—that if Birmingham, for example, were to repudiate its obligations, or Manchester were to find that the rateable property of the city was declining in value under the weight of the municipal obligations, so that every year there were greater burdens to be borne and less strength to bear them, the Legislature would have to enforce payment in the one case and to take it upon itself in the other—it is plain that Parliament ought to have something to say to these debts at the time when they are contracted as well as at the time when they will have to be paid off. It is true that the majority of the local loans are effected for fixed periods, that the money is borrowed from the Government, and the repayment of principal and interest is spread over a certain number of years. This is not the case, however, with all loans. One municipal body, Mr. PELL says, has borrowed a million of money in perpetuity, and, now that local authorities are very properly enabled to raise money in the open market, it is quite possible that they may find the terminable form of loan the less convenient of the two. Nor are these terminable loans without their inconveniences. The only just theory on which a terminable loan can be based is that the obligation of repayment should fall on those who have actually profited by the loan. The money has been borrowed for specific improvements, and it is fair enough that the cost of making these improvements should be shared by all the persons who will be the better for their being made. But, according to Mr. PELL, this simple rule is not consistently observed. The longer the time over which the repayment is distributed, the pleasanter the process becomes for those by whom the loan is raised, and the more

easy it is to induce the ratepayers to assent to it. A local authority is consequently under a strong inducement to make the period of repayment outlast the duration of the improvements. Mr. PELL mentions a case in which certain boilers that have already been repaired, and are, therefore, on the high road to being worn out, have been paid for out of money borrowed for sixty years. In other words, the ratepayers will have to go on paying for the boilers used by their predecessors perhaps forty years after these boilers have been sold as old iron. It is hard to imagine a greater temptation to repudiation than is thus supplied. Parliament can, if it chooses, do something to check this practice. In the great majority of cases money borrowed on these terms is lent by the Government, and Parliament can at least say for how long a period this money shall be lent, and what part of the principal shall be repaid each year.

Mr. GLADSTONE is seldom blind to the evils of reckless borrowing, and on Tuesday he showed himself justly impressed by the recent increase in local indebtedness. It is formidable, he said, both as indicating a vast increase in the scale of local expenditure, and as constituting a new and serious drain upon the credit of the nation. It is true, no doubt, that as regards increase of expenditure local authorities are not always free agents. Much of the money spent in recent years has been needed to effect sanitary improvements ordered by the Local Government Board, or to pay for the inspection and control which Parliament has compelled local authorities to exercise. In so far as increased local outlay is due to these causes it ought to imply a real economy in the long run. Still, even outlay which possesses this recommendation should be sharply looked after. The taste for spending money is a growing one, and a local authority which has been forced to borrow for an object in which it is not much interested may be tempted to go on borrowing for objects in which it is more interested. It was admitted in the course of the debate that local self-government tended to develop "great diversity of views" "among local authorities," which we take to be a complimentary way of putting the fact that, when local authorities are allowed to follow their own devices, some are extravagant and some economical. If this extravagance only affected those who are directly or indirectly responsible for it, we should entirely agree with the speaker, that this state of things is much to be preferred to centralization. But when it affects posterity still more, it may be well to check it, even at the cost of some limitation of local independence. From this point of view it is clearly a gain that Corporations should borrow in the open market rather than from the Government. It will, as Mr. GLADSTONE said, "confer a much stronger sense of responsibility, and secure a much closer attention than would be the case" "under the slippery and perilous idea that they could go to "a central source to borrow and draw upon the nation." The experience of the colonies shows that even when great communities come into the open market they must expect to have the history and prospects of their administration closely scrutinized, and that the terms on which they are able to borrow will vary with the conclusions formed by the lenders upon these points. When local authorities at home are subjected to the same ordeal they may expect to hear some useful truths, whereas, when they have merely to send in their request to a Government office, no distinction is made between the degrees in which the several applicants possess the characteristics which go to make solvency. In the open market they will find that, though the taste for borrowing increases with its indulgence, the willingness to lend on easy terms is less expansive, and that a local authority may have some difficulty in raising money which it really wants when the best position it can offer the lender is that of tenth or twentieth mortgagee.

FRANCE.

THE recent action of France in Tunis will be convenient to historians, as enabling them to keep firm hold of the fact that in May 1881 M. FERRY's Cabinet was still living. But for the accidental help thus given, it would have been hard for them not to believe that, though no record had been kept of the fact, it had retired from office some time in the first half of the month. There has never, probably, been a case of such complete self-efface-

ment on the part of a Ministry as that displayed by M. FERRY and his colleagues in reference to the rival *Scrutins*. A Ministry exists, amongst other reasons, for the purpose of guiding the action of the Legislature to which it is responsible. So long as it is in accord with the majority, or is hopeful that it will shortly become so, it holds its place. So soon as it is clearly not in accord with the majority, and not immediately likely to become so, it makes way for a more fortunate successor. When the members of the Cabinet are divided upon a question upon which the Legislature has to pronounce, those who differ from the Prime Minister give up either their opinions or their places. If the seceding section is strong enough to make it impossible for the Prime Minister to carry on the Government without them, he himself makes his choice between the same alternatives. For every incident in the process there are abundant precedents. M. FERRY might have imposed his views about the *Scrutins* on his dissident colleagues or allowed his dissident colleagues to impose theirs upon him. He might have advised the PRESIDENT to accept their resignations, and have filled up the vacancies in his Cabinet with Ministers of the same opinion as himself, or he might have convinced the PRESIDENT that the strength of the party lay with his dissident, and that it would be better to find a new Prime Minister who would have a surer hold on the Chamber. M. FERRY, however, had a soul above mere servile imitation. He is of the stuff that makes precedents rather than follows them, and he has certainly succeeded in being original. Among all the things that have been said of the *Scrutin de liste* and the *Scrutin d'arrondissement* no one—at all events no Frenchman—has ever said that the difference between them is unimportant. There are those who think that the *Scrutin d'arrondissement* has been highly injurious to the political character of the Chamber; there are those who think that it is the only adequate security for a fair representation of the country. There are those who think that the *Scrutin de liste* will give a bare majority the absolute control of affairs; there are those who think that it will have so moderating an influence upon the selection of candidates that minorities will have more real if less apparent power than they have had under the existing system. But there are none who think that the substitution of one *Scrutin* for another will have no effect at all, or that the advantages and disadvantages of the change exactly balance one another. If anybody were of this opinion, it would be permissible to suppose that M. FERRY shared in it, and consequently that he was unable to summon up any degree of interest in the issue which has been so long before the country. As it is, we are forced to accept M. FERRY's own account of the matter, and to hold that he has not taken a side in the controversy because it is one which greatly divides the Republican party. A Minister has often made this a reason for leaving a particular question open when forming his Cabinet; but M. FERRY is the first Minister who has allowed it to influence him when forming his own opinion. If the substitution of the *Scrutin de liste* for the *Scrutin d'arrondissement* will be either decidedly beneficial or decidedly injurious—and that it will be one or other all Frenchmen seem satisfied—it is unusual for a Prime Minister to make the existence of a nearly equal division in the majority which placed him in office an excuse for remaining silent when the question whether the substitution shall be effected comes before the Legislature. He himself is of one opinion or the other; he thinks, that is to say, that the change will do considerable harm or considerable good. His intervention in the contest may possibly determine which side shall win; in the present instance, the narrowness of the division shows conclusively that if M. FERRY had thrown the weight of the Government on the side of the *Scrutin d'arrondissement* M. GAMBETTA would have been defeated, while, supposing him to have been on the same side as M. GAMBETTA, it would have made the victory certain beforehand. If the President of the CHAMBER was free to bring all his influence to bear upon the action of the deputies, why should not a similar liberty have been extended to the Prime Minister? M. FERRY can owe no duties to the Republican party which are not equally owing by M. GAMBETTA. The obligation of remaining neutral when the party is not of one mind was never heard of until M. FERRY voluntarily imposed it upon himself.

It is not Ministers only that will have to bear the discredit of the manner in which this question has been determined.

The Chamber of Deputies has equally little reason to feel satisfied with what has taken place. M. GAMBETTA's allusion to plebiscite may have had no special meaning, though it seems to have been read in Paris as an olive-branch held out to the Bonapartists. But the smallness of the majority, taken in conjunction with the completeness of the victory, is very significant of the advance which France has made towards the recognition of what Americans call the One-Man Power. Though the motion to take the clauses into consideration was carried by only eight votes, it was universally felt that the question was decided. If the minority had been possessed of any pluck they would have seen in the smallness of the majority an ample reason for prolonging their resistance. The displacement of four members would have made the numbers equal; and, if this had been effected on the principal clause of the Bill, the victors and the vanquished would have changed places, and the next election would have taken place by arrondissements instead of by departments. The division of opinion in the Chamber probably represents very fairly the attitude of the country. The electors, equally with the deputies, are halting between two opinions. In these circumstances, it is generally and rightly held that it is best to make no change until the feeling in favour of making one has become more decided. It is not putting forward any exaggerated claim on behalf of the *status quo* to plead that it should not be upset until it has been ascertained beyond question that the country wishes to upset it. In the present case there was a special and powerful reason in favour of leaving things as they were. A general election will be held in the autumn, so that if the Bill had been thrown out the constituencies would have had an early opportunity of making their wishes known. The elections might for the first time have been made to turn on a question of home administration; and if there be really any decided balance of feeling among the electors in favour of the *Scrutin de liste*, the *Scrutin d'arrondissement* would have been unmistakably condemned. Only one reason could be given against thus delaying the definitive decision, but that one reason was more than adequate to the work it had to do. M. GAMBETTA wished it. The knowledge of this fact reduced the Cabinet to silence, and made the Chamber treat what in fact was scarcely more than a drawn battle as a final and decisive success. It may be that in thus allowing the will of a single politician to govern the action of the Chamber the deputies were doing the bidding of their constituents, and that, though the electors are equally indifferent to the *Scrutin de liste* and the *Scrutin d'arrondissement* when considered on their merits, they are thoroughly determined that the *Scrutin* which M. GAMBETTA prefers shall be the *Scrutin* by which the votes shall be taken. Even this, however, does not excuse the course taken by the Chamber. A Legislature owes something to itself as well as to its constituents, and it has no business to give up its own opinion at the bidding of a single man, until the wish of the electorate that it should do so has been plainly declared. The French Chamber has behaved much as the English House of Commons would have behaved if, without waiting for a General Election, it had passed a vote of want of confidence in the late Government upon a mere belief that the feeling of the country had changed.

The almost Royal progress which M. GAMBETTA is making in the South comes as a significant commentary upon the vote of last week. It is only fitting that the coming Dictator should show himself to those who are shortly to be his subjects. That his subjects are eager to have him for their sovereign there can be no question. Even if the enthusiasm be in part due to the conviction that the balloon must mount before it can descend, it is for the time perfectly unanimous. The shrewd opportunist who welcomed M. GAMBETTA as the "Candidate of 'France'" showed that he had at least read the true significance of the *Scrutin de liste*.

LUNACY LAW AMENDMENT.

M. DILLWYN was plainly right in pressing his Lunacy Law Amendment Bill to a second reading. Mr. COURTNEY's speech showed that he had not allowed his mind to dwell on the provisions of the existing law. If he had done so, he could hardly have made the gene-

rous offer that the Government would take up the subject at a more convenient season. The suspicion of madness is one that no man cares to attract to himself, and the consequence of this indisposition is that cases in which the law is abused very rarely come before the world. Mr. COURTNEY asked the House to comfort itself with the reflection that "investigations into cases of lunacy must always be subject to the hazard of mischance." But the contention of the advocates of Lunacy Law Reform is that nothing worth speaking of is done to guard against the "hazard of mischance." Mr. COURTNEY speaks as though every conceivable precaution were taken to ensure that no one shall be confined as a lunatic who is not a proper subject of restraint. If this were so, he would have a right to remind us that, with all these precautions, injustice will sometimes be done. Even sane persons are not absolutely safe against false imprisonment, and lunatics can hardly hope to stand in a better position. As a matter of fact, however, the precautions taken are of the most trifling kind. They do not require any display of ingenuity to evade them. Any one can sign an order authorizing the keeper of a lunatic asylum to seize and detain an alleged lunatic, and two practising physicians, surgeons, or apothecaries can give the certificates which are required to make the order valid. There is nothing in the nature of a judicial investigation. The officers of the law are not even appealed to, except possibly to help the keeper of the asylum to effect a capture. There is nothing like this in any other department of English life. We are jealous of personal liberty in every case except the one in which there is most cause for jealousy.

A charge of lunacy is the most paralysing of all imputations. Nothing so completely unfits a man for helping himself judiciously; nothing so certainly deprives him of the help of others. Even the indignation with which the accusation is received may help to sustain it. None are so mad as those who think themselves sane, and with this cheerful maxim the bystanders dismiss any appeal for help and go about their business. When once the victim is locked up in the asylum his chance of immediate release is a poor one. Even if he were certain of being released in the end, it would be no trifling matter to be imprisoned as a madman without any just reason. But the cases in which this is likely to happen are precisely those in which the treatment is likely in the long run to supply its own justification. A man is seldom seized as a lunatic unless there is some tendency towards madness in his constitution. The experiment would be too dangerous, nor will it often suggest itself as one deserving of trial. It is the borderland between madness and sanity that supplies the cases in which the Lunacy Laws are most capable of being abused. Imprisonment as a lunatic is the most likely thing in the world to make men lunatics if they have the slightest predisposition to madness anywhere about them. They know perhaps that they have a constitutional or hereditary tendency towards brain disease, and the possibility of its becoming developed has perhaps been constantly present to them as a horror that the future may have in its keeping. When a man of this temperament finds himself in a lunatic asylum it is scarcely possible that the disease should not become active. He is prepared to doubt his own sanity, and before he has been many days in confinement he feels, and feels truly, that his doubt has become a certainty, and that he is, after all, in his right place. Yet if he had not been placed in the asylum in the first instance, he might never have become a lunatic. His brain would have remained delicate and excitable; but the boundary which divides sanity from madness would never have been crossed. There is no need, in cases of this kind, to assume that the motive which led to his imprisonment was a vicious one. His relations or friends may have honestly thought that he would be better looked after in confinement, and may have only meant to restrain him for his own good. But the law ought not to lend itself to violations of personal liberty which have no better justification than a vague impression that So-and-so is hardly fit to take care of himself. There ought to be some plain evidence that restraint is necessary before it is allowed to be imposed; and this evidence ought in all cases to be tendered by impartial witnesses and weighed by an impartial judge. What is the provision made by the existing law for securing these two ends? The impartial witnesses are two doctors picked out by the man who wishes to put the alleged lunatic in confinement.

The impartial judge is the man who wishes to put the alleged lunatic in confinement.

Mr. DILLWYN's Bill effects a considerable improvement in this respect. He proposes that the order of detention shall be made by a Justice of the Peace upon the testimony of two medical men, one of whom shall be the medical officer of the district. Mr. COURTNEY objects to this that, as the magistrate would not be required to see the patient, "there would be the appearance of an examination without 'out the reality.'" It may be answered, however, that the action of the magistrates must always be determined by the evidence given by the experts. A Justice of the Peace is no more qualified than any other layman to pronounce whether an alleged lunatic may or may not be properly left at large. The advantage of Mr. DILLWYN's proposal is that it makes the order of detention come from a man who will have no wish to send the alleged lunatic into confinement, except such as may be called into being by reading the evidence, and that it provides that one at least of the witnesses by whose testimony the magistrate is to be guided shall presumably have no interest in the result. Whether the medical officer of the district is a proper person as such to be referred to in these cases is another question. But the defenders of the existing law cannot challenge his competency, inasmuch as at present any practising physician, surgeon, or apothecary whatever is held to be an expert in lunacy. Mr. DILLWYN further proposes that any Judge in Chambers, County Court Judge, or Stipendiary Magistrate may direct two medical men to report on the mental state of any inmate of a lunatic asylum, and that, if they pronounce him sane, he shall be discharged within ten days. It is not very clear how the Judge in Chambers, County Court Judge, or Stipendiary Magistrate is to be informed that there is an alleged lunatic confined in such and such an asylum into whose mental state an inquiry ought to be instituted. Of course, wherever the alleged lunatic has any friends who are convinced of his sanity, they will take care to put one of these authorities in motion. But the cases for which it is most essential to make provision are those in which there are no friends holding this conviction. Mr. DILLWYN's Bill enables those who have allies outside to profit by their aid, but it does not touch the case of those who have no allies outside. What is really needed—so long as private asylums are allowed to exist—is that every alleged lunatic confined in them shall be personally examined, at reasonably short intervals, by a competent Medical Inspector, who shall in each case make an order, either for the discharge or for the continued confinement of the patient, according to the opinion he has formed of his mental state at the time. This Medical Inspector should be an officer of the Government, and so be above any possibility of being influenced either by the proprietor of the asylum or by the friends of the patient. If to this were added a new definition of the cause that justifies restraint in cases of lunacy—a definition which should make it plain that the reason for imprisoning a lunatic is in kind identical with the reason for imprisoning a criminal, and that it only arises when the lunatic is dangerous to himself and to other people—the Lunacy Laws would no longer minister to any gross violations of justice and personal freedom. Mr. DILLWYN's Bill might usefully be amended in these directions, but, even as it is, it constitutes a real improvement upon the existing methods of dealing with lunatics. As such it deserves that a strenuous effort should be made to get it passed speedily.

THE DUKE OF ALBANY.

THE news that Her Majesty has been pleased to confer the dignity of a peer upon Prince Leopold will be received with unmixed satisfaction. That His Royal Highness alone among the sons of the Queen should have no seat in Parliament has always seemed strange, especially as on several occasions he has given evidence of mental power and social tact far above the average. The Duke of Albany has sustained with success such duties as are involved in chairmanships and the laying of foundation stones which fall so often to the share of princes, and has proved himself an able speaker on many subjects. That he should have a seat in the House of Lords, though it adds nothing to his precedence, may give him opportunities for enforcing the views of culture which he is understood to have at heart; and there can be no doubt that, young as he is, the opinions he has so far expressed have justified the confidence and hope with which, in many circles, his future career is regarded. The title he

bears has historical associations very different from those which he is likely to add to it; but it has a certain picturesqueness, so to speak, and as it has not been borne by itself in these kingdoms for more than two hundred and fifty years, whatever lustre Prince Leopold may be destined to reflect upon it will be his alone.

Dukes were unknown in Scotland previous to the year 1398, when, upon the occasion of a meeting between John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, and the Scots lords, to arrange terms of peace, some question of precedence seems, according to the suggestion of Douglas, to have arisen. Robert Stuart, Earl of Fife, was at this time virtually governor of the northern kingdom. His father, King Robert II., was stricken in years; his elder brother, the Earl of Carrick, was in ill health. The English prince bore the ducal title, and set a fashion for Scotland which was immediately followed. The hereditary prince, whose position had so far been sufficiently illustrated by his bearing the old title of Robert Bruce, was now made Duke of Rothesay, in the Isle of Bute; while the Regent, as if to dignify his own position to the utmost, was not content to be styled duke of a single town, or even of a county, but chose a name which, however obscurely, should denote nothing less than the whole of what we know as the Highlands of Scotland. Such seems to be the meaning of the name of Albany. Mr. Skene has used the word as signifying Celtic Scotland. It is to be found, slightly disguised, as a name for the whole island in various classical authors. There is no essential difference between it and Albion, which occurs in Aristotle. It has often been asserted that the word is an allusion to the white cliffs of our southern shores as they gleam across the Channel, while it has also been derived from the same root as Alb or Alp, a height. Shakespeare has made good use of the title in *King Lear*, the plot of which is found in many of the old romancing chroniclers, who were particularly in fashion when the House of Stuart ascended the English throne. According to them, the first Duke of Albany was named Magland, and marrying Goneril, one of the co-heirs of Lear, or Llyr, had a son Morgan, who gave his name to a Welsh county. When Fife chose Albany for his dukedom, the meaning of the name had gradually shrunk. Long before his day the Irish historians apply Alba to Scotland; yet the other form of the name, Albion, occurs in an English charter as late as the beginning of the eleventh century; and it is possible that Ethelred, when he styled himself "monarchus totius Albionis," intended to denote that the whole of Great Britain was under his power. Ptolemy, the geographer, mentions a tribe of "Albani," who were among those he enumerates as dwelling north of the Brigantes; and some recent writers have not hesitated to identify them with the inhabitants of what is now called Breadalbane. Be this as it may, there seems little reason to doubt that when the Regent assumed the title of Duke of Albany at Scone, in 1398, the name signified to him and to his contemporaries that part of Scotland which lies north of the Firths of Clyde and Forth. He had no idea of becoming a duke *in partibus*. Albany was a place, not merely a name, and we cannot but conclude that its revival implies more than an accidental reference to the Highlands.

It is easier to localize Albany than Clarence, the second title to which Prince Leopold has been gazetted. The first Duke of Clarence was Lionel of Antwerp, one of the sons of Edward III., who had married the heiress of the Earls of Clare; but the connexion of Clarence and Clare has not been very completely made out. Of modern Clares there are many in the New World and the colonies; and it is a coincidence that the sons of the Prince of Wales should at this very time be visiting an Albany, the seaport of that name in the remote colony of Western Australia. The oldest town, with one exception, in the United States is the capital of the great State of New York, and both are called after James II., who at the time England acquired the Dutch territory in North America was Duke of York and Albany. He was not the only unfortunate inheritor of the title. During the first few years after its assumption by Robert Stuart the course of its descent was by no means smooth. He, it is true, died peacefully in 1419; but his son and successor was the Regent, Murdoch Stuart, who, on the return of James I. from his long captivity in England, was put to death for his mal-administration of the affairs of the kingdom during the King's absence. The Stuarts were never remarkable for their gratitude to those who had served them, and it may be a question how far Murdoch deserved his fate. Charles I., himself sometime Duke of Albany, sacrificed Wentworth very much as his ancestor had sacrificed Murdoch. One feels less pity for his two sons, who suffered with him, if it is true that the unpopularity of his government was greatly due to their excesses. No visitor to Stirling Castle omits to see the mound on which the three were beheaded immediately after their condemnation on the 24th May, 1425, four hundred and fifty-six years to a day before the birthday gazette of this week. The next Duke of Albany was unfortunate in another way. The Stuarts seem to have had a liability above that of other men to meet strange forms of death. Only one King of Scotland of the name, James V., died in his bed, and he of a broken heart. Alexander, Duke of Albany, was killed at Paris in a tournament. His son John, a Frenchman in all but name, was for eight years the unpopular guardian of James V., and, after his flight to France, lived at his château in Auvergne, where he had married the heiress of the De la Tours. The Duchess, who cannot have been ten years old at the time of the marriage, died childless, as did her husband, and the dukedom became once more extinct. We know the next Duke by a different name. Nine days before his marriage, Henry, Lord Darnley, was made Duke

of Albany. On his marriage he became titular King of Scotland, so that the new dukedom merged in the higher title; and on his death the dukedom may be supposed to have descended to his infant son, afterwards James VI. Before the union of the Scots and English crowns, Charles, the second son of James VI., bore the title, and two years after his father's accession he became an English peer as Duke of York, being, it is said, the only English Duke then in the peerage. Until now the Scots and English dukedoms have subsisted together. Charles I. declared his second son Duke of York and Albany at his birth, but the patent does not date before 1643. Once more, at his accession as James II., the title merged in the Crown; and though George I. gave it to his brother, Prince Ernest of Hanover, the Young Pretender called himself Count Albany, in the days of his hopeless retirement. The Countess of Albany, his widow, is the subject of a well-known and romantic story, and was buried in Santa Croce, at Florence, beside her second husband, Alferi, the poet, at her death so recently as 1824. The united dukedoms were again twice conferred by George III., first on his brother, and at his death on Prince Frederick, his second son, who, as an infant, had been known by the oddly-sounding title of Bishop of Osnaburgh. He died three years later than the Countess, but in our own day the name was not unknown in English society. Two distinguished-looking brothers were for many years well known in London as the Counts d'Albanie. The last of them died only a year ago. An inheritor of the name survives in Austria. They had been brought up in the belief that they were descended from the Young Pretender, a persuasion harmless except perhaps to themselves, and with no base in fact sufficiently strong to bear the test of historical investigation.

It is so many centuries now since these islands saw a Duke of Albany alone, that it may be hoped all the gloomy reminiscences which surround the name have ceased to be ominous. The new Duke's title is unblemished in the ears of the present generation. The people of the Highlands, whom the Queen delights to honour, receive another proof of the Royal favour; while the revival of a dignity so ancient cannot be displeasing to any of Her Majesty's subjects. Prince Leopold has only to continue in the course he has already seemed to mark out for himself to ensure his popularity with all classes. He has inherited much that was admirable in his father's character, and has added to it his own amiable qualities. In these days of high culture, when learning and art illustrate the victories of peace, the high standard which the Duke of Albany has set up will be conspicuous in our midst; and the sixty-second birthday of our beloved monarch has been happily signalized by His Royal Highness's admission among the ranks of our hereditary legislators.

WHIPS.

THE expression of regret for the premature death of Mr. Adam, which Mr. Onslow initiated in the House of Commons on Tuesday, which Mr. Gladstone took up, and which Sir Stafford Northcote appropriately rounded off, was undoubtedly a genuine expression of feeling. Whips are either very popular or very unpopular, and if they are more frequently popular than unpopular, that is simply because an unpopular Whip is an "impossible" person in the Gallic sense. The only thing to do with him is to get rid of him as soon as possible. Mr. Adam was certainly a popular Whip, and he was also an exceedingly efficient one. There is no small testimony to the story that he, and he almost alone, propounded, not in a mere general way, but from valid and solid grounds, the triumph of his party at the last election. It is certain, too, that he managed, under very discouraging circumstances, to keep the Opposition together in the last House in a manner which might have excited the admiration of the most cunning member of the profession from which his own temporary office derives its appellation. The Liberal party is always wont to straggle, but a Liberal party in Opposition, deserted by its natural chief for a considerable time, and then suddenly started by a sudden reappearance of that chief on a perfectly new line of country, and in pursuit of an object which it has to be persuaded it cares about, is a task extremely difficult to keep in good hunting order. Mr. Adam's devotion to his arduous work, and to the party which imposed that work upon him, was exemplary. He continued that devotion even after the victory, which he had helped to achieve, was obtained. It is, of course, not known what the pressing necessity was which made it necessary in the interests of Liberalism that the Duke of Buckingham should be succeeded at Madras by a distinguished Parliamentary tactician of the opposite party. Despite some early Indian experience, Mr. Adam did not seem to possess any special capacities for the post, and still less any reason for desiring it. It was, to all appearance, something of a case of cutting blocks with a razor. He was not a poor man, to whom a few years in a lucrative Indian post might be a matter of moment; his health was known to be somewhat uncertain, and his abilities were altogether different from and superior to those required. Nor was he one of the useless encumbrances who have to be shelved somehow by being provided for. It must have been a special reason for hesitation with him in accepting the appointment that he was thereby deprived of the chance of showing to the various election Commissions the purity and public spirit which doubtless characterized the Liberal successes of 1880. Such a demonstration

night, for aught that was known, have contrasted strongly with possible awkward exposures on the other side. Mr. Adam must have fervently desired the opportunity of making it which might have presented itself and which he alone can have possessed. The interests of the nation and the party, however, required his absence in India, and he accepted the necessity. It must be a deep source of grief to Mr. Gladstone that this devotion should have been rewarded by such a fate. The Government have indeed been singularly unfortunate in respect to their Indian supporters. The unhappy postmaster at Bombay whose mistake was so useful to them in the matter of the Candahar division came to an evil end; and Mr. Adam, their chief of the staff, who may be said even more than Mr. Gladstone himself to have led them to victory, has died in an unhealthy climate, and in a post of no very great importance, which he had accepted no doubt to do them service. As the principal daily organ of his political beliefs justly observed, "In accepting the Governorship he, no doubt, acted on the same principle of making his own career subordinate to the interests of his party which had guided him at home." What those interests were it is, of course, impossible to say, nor is it of much importance. Devotion of any kind to whatever ideal is respectable; and devotion to the interests of the Liberal party and of Mr. Gladstone must not lose its meed of respect. That Mr. Adam discharged the duties of his Indian office with the same fidelity and intelligence which he had shown in the discharge of the duties of his English one might be taken, considering the nature of the man, for granted, even if Mr. Onslow had not definitely asserted it.

It is difficult, however, to conceive any two posts the duties of which are much more dissimilar. Irreverent persons have doubted whether Governors of Presidencies are needed at all. That is probably a mistake; and, especially in times of emergency, a Governor of Madras or of Bombay can do the State and the country he governs no small service. But in ordinary times the work, if not merely routine, is to a great extent routine. Much of it is purely ornamental; and the only fatigue it involves is the fatigue of making progresses, which to a man of intelligent and active mind have compensatory interest. The work of a Whip is interesting enough, in all conscience, at times; but it has an entirely different kind of interest. It is desperately hard while it lasts, and it lasts for a very long time. The office of Whip is entirely the growth of the age-long practice in party fighting which English Parliamentary government has had. It would be impossible in countries where the Legislative Assembly is broken up into minute groups, each with its personal head; and impossible, also, in those where parties are separated by a bitter personal hatred. For a Whip is not merely, as has been said, the chief of the staff and the adjutant-general of his own party, but he is kind of perpetual go-between between his own party and the enemy. All formal arrangements, whether for peace or war, have to be negotiated by him; and even the rank and file of the opposite party are to some extent brought personally into contact with him. The late Governor of Madras defined his own office as principally consisting in keeping members from speaking, an ingenious exaggeration which had a considerable fund of truth at the bottom of it. In fact, however, a treatise on the whole duty of Whips by an expert would be a most complicated and curious dissertation. That duty has, indeed, somewhat changed of late years. No longer can an impudent member of accommodating principles go to a Whip and get a fifty or a five hundred pound note for his support at a critical time; as least, if he can, the fact is not generally known. Government patronage has been woefully cut down by the abolition of sinecures, by the practical abolition of pensions for unclassified services, and above all by competitive examinations. But there are more ways of destroying the cat of scurvy than by choking it with the gross material cream of pensions and gratuities, and of some of these at least a Whip ought to be master. To coax ingeniously, and to bully with exactly the proper mixture of suavity and force, ought to be his arts. If he has not now to send and fetch Sir Francis Clavering from a hell, and if the heroic method of extracting a member from a lunatic asylum which is legendarily said to have been performed on a great division some years ago is rarely resorted to, he still has to keep his flock together by cunning means, and to keep them in good humour by means still cunninger. Such an incident as that of Wednesday last, when the private member rises in his majesty and complains of being defrauded by a count-out of his hard-earned private night, is a bad quarter of an hour for a Whip. For he is expected to have men in buckram ready at such times, and an ill-tempered person without the fear of principle and constituents before his eyes may play him an awkward trick some day at a critical moment. But it must be admitted that of late years the mere shepherd-dog duties of Whips have been in some ways lightened. The "hundreds" are terribly severe on a member who, being elected to be Mr. Gladstone's man, fails to do due suit and service, and the "hundreds" are much more awkward things to offend than the old casual and unorganized meetings of constituents. In the more earnest centres of Britain's political life the records of division attendances are scanned with terrible care, and a member who is inattentive to three or four-thonged missives—there is a tradition of five thongs, but we are not certain that this instrument has been actually used of late years—is very promptly called to order. So that after all, as Mr. Adam himself plainly hinted in his farewell speech at Cupar, the repression of exuberant zeal rather than the stimulation of lagging indifference is the chief duty inside the House of the Whip of to-day.

He has, however, duties outside those walls which are in the long run of even greater importance, and it was in the discharge of those duties that Mr. Adam specially shone. A Whip has to take all the constituencies of the kingdom, and, what is more, all the candidates of the kingdom, to be his province—a province of terrible breadth. He ought to keep an eye on the progress of local sentiment, as furnished to him by the local party agents, to stimulate organization, &c. &c. But his very hardest duty, perhaps, is with the candidates. Every one who has studied the last election knows (to speak without offence) how very badly this part of the duty was performed on one side, and how excellently it was performed on the other. The Conservatives left seat after seat uncontested, or brought up weak candidates at the last moment. The Liberals had their candidate for every borough and county, and in most cases had him ready and before the constituency for some time previously. No doubt under the special circumstances of the time the task of the Liberal Whip was easier than that of the Conservative. Both the classes from which popular Conservative candidates are for the most part recruited—country gentlemen and rich manufacturers—had been impoverished almost hopelessly by years of bad harvests and bad trade. The average Conservative constituency—on the whole, perhaps rather to its credit—is indocile to the carpet-bagger, the casual person who is sent down by the party wire-pullers. It is much more tractable than a Liberal constituency when it has once elected a man, but is much more fastidious before he is elected. This very peculiarity, however, which might seem to facilitate the labours of a Liberal Whip, really makes them more complicated. He is troubled, as Lord Rosebery confessed at the Cupar gathering, with that ingenuousness which distinguishes the true sportsman, by an embarrassment of riches. There are hundreds of unsuccessful Professors who wish to find a new audience in Parliament; of rising lawyers who have decided that the traditional Conservatism of the Bar is a mistake; of minor municipal magnates of the great cities who, being not quite good enough for those cities, may be foisted on minor towns; of young men of wealth or position who, having been—as the phrase goes—"kept straight" with great difficulty, and prevented from avowing Toryism, are just the persons for out-of-the-way boroughs or dubious counties. The task of selection among these is a task of terrible difficulty. The coolest of heads, the widest of information, the most dexterous tact are required, to avoid the rock on which Liberal general elections so often split—the rock of a plurality of candidates and of divided allegiance. It may be questioned whether in all party history an election was so perfectly engineered as that of 1880. Its exact history we shall never know. Mr. Ellice the elder is said to have taken with him to the grave the secret of the winning of the Whig members and patrons to the Reform Bill of 1831; Mr. Adam has taken with him to the same rich repository the secret of a revolution, hardly more surprising, which took place fifty years later. It is perhaps a legitimate feather in the cap of English political life that both parties vie with each other in doing honour to the skilful player whose play was as fatal to one as it was advantageous to the other.

THE CURIOSITIES OF GAMES.

IT is singular that in a country so fond of games as England, there has been since Strutt no really good history of our favourite pastimes. Even cricket has not had the learning and perseverance devoted to its records which Mr. Julian Marshall has given to tennis. Golf has only received detached tributes, in prose and verse, like those edited by Mr. Nelson. Perhaps the future historian of cricket is even now wakening to a consciousness of his mission in the land of Spofforth, where the game appears to flourish even more than in England. If we may judge from a casual remark in Mr. Dawson's recently published *Australian Aborigines* (Melbourne: Robertson), success in football is even thought to qualify a man for a seat in the Colonial Legislature. And yet we have no history of football, a theme which may be recommended to Mr. Thomas Hughes, whose *Tom Brown* was an "epoch-making" work in the propaganda of the game. Meanwhile Mr. Macgregor has published a gossipy and readable little book on games (*Pastimes and Players. Chatte and Windus*) which we propose to use as, to be candid, an excuse for talking "shop" about British amusements.

Mr. Macgregor naturally and properly begins with cricket. He is doubtless correct in thinking that many and even heathen peoples have had the scattered elements of cricket, just as the lowest savages possess in their scattered superstitions the small change of religion. Nausican's game of ball, in the *Odyssey*, is taken by Chapman to have been "stool-ball," and stool-ball is a kind of cricket suited to girls, much as "squash-racquets" is a form of racquets which may be played by ladies. All games in which runs are made off bowling are of the nature of cricket, whether the ball be thrown at the runner, as in rounders, or at the wicket. Yet base-ball, so popular in America, is only a second-rate development of germs which have grown up on English soil into the perfect and typical form of cricket. Mr. Macgregor is inclined to go back to 1300 A.D., and to the "wardrobe account" of Edward I. for the game of "creag," in which the Prince, afterwards Edward II., was an adept. He says there is no other game "to which the name 'creag' can apply"; but it has *diabolically changed en route*, as the French philologist observed, if it has become "cricket." Besides, we know nothing of the

rules of *creag*. We might as well go back to mythical ages, when Gargantua played *La Crosse*, which the English translator calls "cricket." In a MS. of 1346, "The Romance of the Good King Alexander," "we have a batsman, a bowler, and four fielders, who are all monks." The bat is slightly curved, as it was till the end of the last century, and must have been adapted for slogging in the fearless old fashion. There are no stumps; but even in the picture exhibited lately at Burlington House only two stumps were used, and these very low and wide apart. Bowling must chiefly have been full-pitched, for a good length-ball would have risen above the bail. We see no resemblance between the game of "cat and dog" played by "Donald Macdonald, the Highland rogue," and cricket. "Cat and dog," or at all events "cat," was the game which Bunyan was busy with at the moment of his conversion. The earliest discovered mention of cricket, by name, is in certain legal proceedings in 1593. John Parvish had enclosed a piece of common ground, on which *crickett* had long been played. In 1650 Bishop Ken "is found for the first time attempting to wield a cricket-bat" at Winchester. In the eighteenth century, in Walpole's time and Mann's, cricket became an instrument of gambling. Matches were made for 500l., and, naturally, were often sold by the players. Bookmakers were as busy on cricket grounds as on races. Fortunately, though the Boat-race has got into the "books" of speculators, cricket has escaped from the taint of gambling. There are no quotations publicly made even on the University match, though we are advised that they will do wisely who accept five to two on Cambridge at the present moment. It does, indeed, seem scarcely possible that the three great brethren can go on averaging about a hundred runs an innings in every match. There must be a day when they are not on their day, and that day may shine on the Universities at Lord's. But this is a digression. The Court of King's Bench, in 1748, decided that cricket was "a very manly game, not bad in itself, but only in the ill use made of it by betting more than ten pounds on it." Therefore, there can be no harm in taking the odds in fivers. The original Lord, like most great men, was a Scotchman, and had apparently been "out" in the Forty-five. "Thomas Lord, a ground bowler of the White Conduit Club, had left Scotland on account of his Jacobite predilections." He flourished in London, and became the eponymous hero of Lord's, which originally occupied the site of Dorset Square. If M. Souvestre is right in thinking football a solar emblem, and that game a relic of sun-worship, there is no reason why some other inquirer should not see in Lord a solar hero. But just at present there seem to be some historical difficulties in the way of this explanation.

Cricket is apparently the only game in which Gentlemen have fairly vanquished Players. In 1837 Players had such an advantage that they were invited to defend four stumps thirty-six inches by twelve, while the wickets of the Gentlemen were but twenty-seven by eight. Yet the Players won in an innings. Mr. W. G. Grace changed the fortune of the game, and probably, even without the Graces, an Eleven of amateurs could be brought together who would beat the professionals. The match dates from 1798. The most interesting Eton and Harrow match, historically, was that in which Byron and Shakespeare bowled for Harrow, but bowled in vain (1805). A writer in a contemporary quoted by Mr. Macgregor deduces from Byron's place in the Eleven and his doings as a bowler—"he clean bowled Kaye"—that he cannot have been so lame as Mr. Trelawney and others declare. And this old score seems good historical evidence. We do not know that any other poet has been very useful in the field. Shelley's athletic performances were confined to one fight with a smaller boy, in which the bard, though he began with a knock-down blow, and quoted Homer between the rounds, was ultimately defeated, and fled away, like Hector. Mr. Matthew Arnold admits that he feels all the emotions of a barbarian when he gets a gun or a fishing-rod into his hands. But Mr. Arnold's has never been the "song of willow." Among cricketing curiosities, Mr. Macgregor mentions the failure of the Second Royal Surrey Militia to get a single run in their first innings against Earl Winterton's club. "Fuller Pilch once bowled out eight of his antagonists for nothing." Mr. Fraser, playing for Merton against Trinity, once took seven wickets (one of which he broke) for 0. A singular thing happened last week in Scotland when the Edinburgh Academy was playing the Grange Club, and the school wicket-keeper stumped three men off three successive balls of Mr. Hay Brown. But the most decisive of bowling feats have been performed in the University match. No one has forgotten "Cobden's year," when Oxford had three runs to get, and Mr. Cobden bowled the three last wickets in three consecutive balls. Last year the first Cambridge bowler also took three wickets in the three first balls of an over; but the last man, escaping by a kind of miracle, revenged his companions by vigorous hitting. "Ridley's year" was even more remarkable than Cobden's, for the Cambridge man was a very fast bowler, whereas Mr. Ridley got his three wickets with slowness. Mr. Macgregor speaks of the Parsee and Maori players as examples of outlandish cricketers. The Murri play very well; and when Mr. Moseley tried to bribe them to leave the game, in the interests of science, and to shoot ornithorhynchuses, they scornfully refused his un-English bribes. It is a deeply affecting fact that the cannibals of the New Hebrides are cricketers. A club was formed by some English settlers in New Caledonia, but the distances were so long, and other circumstances so adverse, that the club fell into decay. The secretary therefore instructed some

savage coolies on his estate, who took to the game with noble ardour. When they returned to their nameless island homes, he presented them with bats, wickets, and balls, and doubtless they are still batting and bowling, in the intervals of devouring missionaries and the crews of gunboats. It is greatly to be desired that the Aborigines Protection Society should send some Surrey Colts and a number of copies of the M.O.C. rules to these interesting converts. Civilization might thus be introduced in its most radiant aspect, and we might have hopes of the future of a race which is at present rather "unspeakable."

Mr. Macgregor's remarks on the curiosities of football chiefly refer to Scott's great match between "the Souters o' Selkirk" and Lord Home's retainers. Hundreds of men played in this Titanic match, which lasted for four or five hours, and was played all over the county. One horseman took part, and caught a Selkirk man, who had run about a mile and a half with the ball before he was collared. Mr. Macgregor wrote before some speculative person carried two teams of young women, in flannel trousers, all about the Border and the North of England. The young ladies, whose names were most romantic, were hooted and persecuted at Glasgow, and met with little sympathy in Edinburgh. They have also played at Preston. The performance is most unseemly, and the disgust which it has excited in the North proves that public taste still exists, though the popularity of burlesques and music-hall songs has long obscured the fact. The women, according to a critic, kicked the ball when it came in their way, but were quite incapable of playing together, and of generalship. But we do not need repulsive speculations like the "Ladies' foot-ball match" to prove that the character of woman is "individualistic," and that she is more capable of separate exertion than of united efforts. The advocates of Woman's Rights, who have been very busy this week, may take a different view of the matter, and will, perhaps, engage the "Ladies' Football Troupe" to give some of their edifying performances in London. The "Rational Dress Society" may also borrow hints from their costume.

EXETER HALL AND MR. BRADLAUGH.

OUR readers are probably aware that "the merry month of May" is a period of solemn and sacred observance to more than one section of the religious community. Among Roman Catholics, as all readers of Cardinal Newman's poems will remember, it is specially kept as "the Month of Mary," which may perhaps help to account for the somewhat perplexing current tradition that marriages in May are unlucky. Among that much larger section of the British public for whom Exeter Hall is a kind of Mecca and central shrine which, according to Sir James Stephen, "has a history, a doctrine, and a prophecy of no common significance," the sacred month is celebrated with a noisier, if not a more edifying observance. Rescued, through the good offices of the Christian Young Men's Association, from the very jaws of destruction, that holy though unconsecrated pile has this year entered on what ought, we suppose, to be called a new career of usefulness. A history no doubt, of some kind, it has, and a prophecy it may have; that it has "a doctrine," if any special and exclusive force is to be attached to the indefinite article, we should be inclined to doubt. It has many doctrines, which can hardly be said to have much in common beyond their share in what Mr. Burke once called "the great Protestant negation," and indeed this mark of negative community of sentiment it might no longer be safe too confidently to claim for it, for if we are not mistaken, the Catholic League of the Cross—that is, we believe, its correct title—under Cardinal Manning's auspices has more than once been suffered to invade the hallowed precincts; his Eminence has certainly on several occasions appeared in person on the platform. However, Exeter Hall, broadly speaking, is nothing if not Protestant, but its Protestantism takes a wide and discursive range. To cite once more the same high authority, "the changeful strain rises with the civilization of Africa, or becomes plaintive over the wrongs of chimney-boys, or peals anathemas against the successors of Peter, or in rich diapason calls on the Protestant church to awake and evangelize the world." It has now found, as we shall presently see, a new and perhaps more suitable subject for its anathemas than the successors of Peter. That there is a certain grotesqueness, as the panegyrist of "the Clapham Sect" himself frankly admits, about the oratorical and other aspects of the Exeter Hall evangel can hardly be denied. Ours is an age, as he observes, of societies, and for every oppression that is done under the sun there is now a public meeting; for the cure of every sorrow British or other flesh is heir to there are patrons, vice-presidents, and secretaries; for the diffusion of every blessing spiritual or temporal that can cheer or elevate mankind there is at least a Committee. No doubt the obvious criticism of the profane on all this elaborate and somewhat grandiose machinery will be "Much cry and little wool," and we are afraid that the manifold spirits of beneficence and piety so loudly evoked on the platform of Exeter Hall, as each successive May comes round, from the vasty deep of the Protestant universe do not always or effectually come when they are called. But it would be hard to assume that so enormous an expenditure of well-meant energy, reinforced by no inconsiderable amount of gifts in solid cash, produces no salutary result, beyond its obvious and immediate one of acting as an innocuous safety-valve for much earnest, if not always wisely directed, enthusiasm.

Few at all events, except the small minority who are in hearty accord with the junior member for Northampton, will refuse some measure of their sympathy to the heroes of the Church Militant, or Church Suffering—for they might claim either character—of all denominations who assembled the other day at Exeter Hall to protest against "any alteration of the law for the purpose of admitting an avowed atheist to sit in Parliament." In saying this we are pronouncing no opinion as to how far we do or do not agree with the particular line advocated at the Exeter Hall meeting. With the question of Mr. Bradlaugh's admission to Parliament and of the Oaths Bill we have had, and shall have, other opportunities of dealing. Our present concern is with the peculiar tactics adopted by his admiring clients to further the objects so dear to their hearts. And here we cannot scruple to say that our sympathies go heartily with those who, in the words of the Hon. Secretary of their Committee, were simply exercising the undoubted right of Englishmen "to meet together and to hire a hall for the purpose of making a public protest against legislation that they conceive to be prejudicial to their interests," as against those champions of free thought and freedom of speech who went "in their thousands," armed with forged tickets, spurs, cat-calls, and other weapons of offence, and supported by a gang of professional pickpockets, to prevent their doing so. Even assuming for argument's sake, what will appear to most persons a tolerably strong assumption, that Mr. Bradlaugh and his friends are entirely right in their contention, and all who oppose his admission to the House of Commons, whether by a change of the law or otherwise, simply and wholly in the wrong, it equally remains true that a very large number of excellent and intelligent citizens think differently—as might be inferred from the vote of Convocation the other day—and that they have a full and manifest right to hold and avow their convictions and take all legitimate methods for enforcing them. And one might have supposed, but for the teaching of experience, that those who glory in the name of free-thinkers would be the very last to question or interfere with that right. "But this"—as Mr. Guinness, the Hon. Secretary of the Committee which organized the Exeter Hall meeting, somewhat pathetically complains—"does not seem to meet the approval of Mr. Bradlaugh's supporters." On the contrary, it appears that on the Sunday before the day advertised for the meeting a grand assemblage was held at the Hall of Science, under Mrs. Besant's graceful and genial presidency, to supplement Mr. Bradlaugh's "Appeal to the People," as the reports express it, by initiating the formation of a "League." The League, as was explained, is to have "Vice-Presidents," "Delegates," a "General Council," and an "Emergency Committee," and is to carry on by these and other means "a widespread agitation" throughout the country. Its members are not asked to make any subscription, in either sense of that word. It was indeed at first proposed that they should subscribe their names, in token of adhesion to the League, but as it was feared that this condition of membership "would create serious difficulty"—the probable candidates for admission being presumably shaky in the second of the three R's—an amendment was carried omitting the word "written." But if the League is not conspicuous for its scholarship, it is at least to be conspicuous in its decorations. There is a dash of aestheticism not to say of ritualism about it. "Men are to wear rosettes of mauve, white, and green, and women are to provide themselves with tricolour bonnets." Miss Bradlaugh, it is gratifying to learn, has kindly consented "to receive the names of ladies willing to aid in making the rosettes." But sterner measures are to be resorted to also for attaining the desired end. There are to be petitions got up throughout the country, and a mass meeting in Hyde Park, and the London Press is to be "Boycotted," and last, but not least, the orators at the Hall of Science exhorted their hearers "to come in their thousands and try and break up the meeting proposed to be held at Exeter Hall." Our readers will observe the delicate sense of respect for freedom and toleration involved in the words we have italicized, which Mrs. Besant followed up by a second exhortation to her friends in the columns of the *National Reformer*, to get as many tickets as possible for the meeting. As the meeting was avowedly summoned, not for public discussion but to make a public protest, and tickets were offered to those only who sympathized with its objects, there was of course no way of carrying out this pacific suggestion but by falsehood or forgery, and both methods—the second especially—appear to have been extensively pursued and with entire success.

What kind of scene Exeter Hall was likely to present under the circumstances our readers may easily conceive, or rather perhaps they will find it difficult adequately to conceive. Mr. Guinness tells us that, "if the storming brigade which seized the Hall had consisted of prizefighters alone, they could not have done their work more effectively." And he proceeds to describe in detail the disinterested activity displayed by the zealous and enlightened adherents of Mr. Bradlaugh and Mrs. Besant in transferring watches and other valuables from the pockets of the "God-ites"—as they elegantly termed their opponents—to their own. A London Vicar, who was on the platform, supplies another graphic touch in a letter to the *Record*, one sentence of which may be worth quoting here:—"I had the misfortune to be set upon, struck in the face, kicked downstairs, with coat torn and hat crushed, by two cowardly fellows who were on the platform, one of whom said to the other, 'He's a — God-ite; give it him hot.' The writer of the letter is, we believe, a High Churchman, and there-

were certainly many different parties, and indeed Churches, represented on the platform. But if the *Record*, which contains a lengthened report of the meeting, is considered a suspicious authority, we may turn to the more impartial testimony of a leading article in the *Morning Post*, evidently contributed by an eye-witness of the scene he describes. It seems that the moment the doors were opened a compact gang of 500 men, many of whom had forged tickets, pushed aside the police, and took possession of the platform and the principal seats in the body of the Hall, and were followed by their allies "in shoals, four or five, arm in arm, hustling, kicking, and elbowing," while their friends outside snatched tickets from the hands of those about to enter, and warned them that the Hall was already full to overflowing. One enterprising combatant in the Hall, "who used frightful language, had armed himself with spurs on his heels and elbows, so that he successfully defied ejection, and continued to exert his lungs in disgusting exclamations." Lord Percy's opening address was constantly interrupted, while "the most startling and revolting quotations from Free-thought literature, whenever alluded to, were cheered to the echo." From the platform, which had been cleared by the police of its original occupants, "could be seen a determined mob of Atheists, Freelothers, and Republicans in all their power, roaring, rioting, screaming, whistling, and cat-calling at the top of their voices, and whenever there was a moment's respite in the row within, the tumult from without was heard," where, in response to the invitation at Mrs. Besant's assembly in the Hall of Science, her friends were "gathered in their thousands to try and break up the meeting." Mr. Varley, a Baptist Minister of Notting Hill, according to the *Morning Post*, made "the speech of the evening," and a pretty strong speech no doubt it was, for "he asserted in a very emphatic sentence that, not the House of Commons, but the House of Correction, was the proper place for the author of *The Impeachment of the House of Brunswick*." According to the report in the *Record* he ridiculed the idea of any right of the Northampton constituency being infringed by refusing to admit to the House a member whom they had no legal power to return. He perhaps forgot how largely Mr. Bradlaugh's return had been promoted by Dissenting votes, and how Mr. S. Morley had telegraphed his advice to support him, though he afterwards expressed his "deep regret," in a letter to the *Record*, for the unfortunate oversight which led him, "in the hurry of the moment" and his extreme eagerness to further the interests of his party, to forget his God. However it would be a mistake to suppose that the Exeter Hall meeting was by any means a distinctively Dissenting or Low Church gathering. Side by side with men like Mr. Richard Baxter and Sir Eardley Wilmot were to be seen on the platform, according to the *Morning Post*, Sir Alfred Slade, and Mr. Riddell of the English Church Union, "and several High Church and Catholic clergy." One speaker indeed called attention to the fact of Jews and Roman Catholics being united with Protestant Christians in their protest. But it is not so much the representative character of the meeting, as the outrageous character of the methods adopted by Mr. Bradlaugh's friends for interrupting it, that is chiefly deserving of attention. If this is the practical meaning of Mr. Bradlaugh's "Appeal to the People," we must venture to hope that "the People"—whether with a large P or a small one—will not be too ready to respond to it.

EXITS FROM THEATRES.

THE return recently made by the managers of the London theatres in obedience to an order of the House of Lords shows how much we should distrust what we fondly imagine to be the evidence of our senses. A great many people who "go to the play" in town are under the impression that the passages of exit from theatres are, in not a few cases, insufficient in number, narrow, and tortuous. It is very generally thought that in some houses a panic might cause a fearful catastrophe, as the stairs and corridors would immediately get blocked; and the remarks which may often be heard when the audience is leaving a theatre show how strongly many are impressed by what appears to them a possible and terrible danger at the moment when they have the best opportunity of judging. It seems, however, that this idea of danger is utterly groundless, and is, indeed, nothing but one of the many foolish alarms which agitate weak humanity. It may appear to some of us that it takes a very long time to get from the "auditorium"—to use the popular Latin word—to the entrance-lobby of a theatre; that there are many checks and much crowding and pressing during the most orderly progress; and that disorderly progress or anything like a rush would produce a block to a certainty; but this, we learn, is a pure delusion. We all walk quickly and easily from our seats to the entrance-doors, or at least we could if we chose. London theatres are amply provided with ordinary exits, and there would be no danger of a bad block in the event of fire or an alarm of fire, as there are other exits besides those commonly used, so that any theatre could be cleared speedily. Discomfort in getting out is either imaginary or due to our own stupidity. Apprehension of a great catastrophe is puerile and baseless. Such at least is the cheering conclusion to be drawn from the Return above mentioned. We may presume that it was called for in consequence of the great disaster at Nice, which disturbed for a moment the profound slumbers of the Lord Chamberlain's office. As a rule they are

deep, and are broken only by occasional tidings of short skirts. Then the officials arouse themselves for a moment, chide the manager who permits such things on his stage, give strict orders to prevent any further outrage on propriety, and swiftly betake themselves to rest again. The loss of life at Nice does seem, however, to have startled them, and to have produced a brief period of continued wakefulness. The head of the office obtained in the Upper House an order for a Return of the exits from Metropolitan theatres on the 5th of last month. It has been speedily completed, and has now been issued to the public, who will doubtless be grateful to the Lord Chamberlain's officials, and will not be so ungenerous as to ask why the information was not procured before.

As has been said, the return ought to reassure the nervous. Probably most people on reading it will be astonished to find how many ways out of theatres there are, and will wonder greatly why progress from their places to the street has so often seemed to them very long and very uncomfortable. A close examination may perhaps show that this discomfort was not wholly imaginary, and may suggest unpleasant doubts. Of these we shall shortly speak, but, before giving expression to them, it may be well to dwell on what are indisputably satisfactory features in the report. Some theatres in London are certainly well provided with exits, and there would be safety—or at all events comparative safety—in the event of fire. As might be expected, the great opera-house in Covent Garden is one of the best in this respect; though even in this theatre the arrangements are by no means perfect, as may be seen at a glance from the Return respecting it, which is as follows:—

ORCHESTRA STALLS (400 persons):

Two ordinary staircases, and one in case of need. Five ordinary doors to street, and six in case of need.

PIT (100 persons):

On the street level. Four ordinary doors to street, and six in case of need.

PIT TIER (130 persons):

Two ordinary staircases, and one in case of need. Five ordinary doors to street, and six in case of need.

GRAND TIER (130 persons):

Four ordinary staircases, one of which is 12 feet wide. Five ordinary doors to street, and six in case of need.

FIRST TIER AND BALCONY STALLS (220 persons):

Three ordinary staircases, and one in case of need. Four ordinary doors to street, and six in case of need.

UPPER BOXES (56 persons):

Two ordinary staircases, and one in case of need. Four ordinary doors to street, and six in case of need.

AMPHITHEATRE STALLS (400 persons):

One ordinary staircase, and all in case of need. One ordinary door to street, and twelve in case of need.

GALLERY (800 persons):

One ordinary staircase, and all in case of need. One ordinary door to street, and twelve in case of need.

In addition to the grand staircase, which goes from the street level to the grand tier, there is one from the street level to the first tier communicating with the grand staircase, two from grand tier to upper boxes, one from street level to the gallery communicating with another similar one from street level to the amphitheatre stalls, which also communicates with the lobbies on each tier, so that people from the gallery and amphitheatre stalls, besides having large staircases direct to Hart Street, have easy access to the whole of the entrances.

In case of fire, Her Majesty's private staircase and entrance would be available, and also three doors to the Floral Hall, which is capable of containing a much larger number of persons than the theatre, and would easily relieve all pressure from the building or entrances which might be occasioned by a crowd in the street; and there are ample means of egress at both ends into Bow Street and Covent Garden Market.

Here, although there are sufficient exits from the stalls, pit, and four tiers of boxes, there seems to be insufficient means of egress for the eight hundred occupants of the gallery and the four hundred occupants of the amphitheatre stalls. We are unable to understand how the "people from the gallery" can have easy access to all the entrances. Those who go to cheap seats are not usually encouraged to make their way to more expensive parts of the house, and possibly the doors of communication with the corridors and staircases are kept locked. There cannot be certainty that, in the event of fire, the box-keepers would have the presence of mind to unlock them all, and there might be a terrible glut on the one staircase. It should not be forgotten that at the Nice Theatre a door specially intended for exit in case of fire was found locked and could not be opened. There seems, then, to be one important defect in the arrangements at Covent Garden, though on the whole the theatre is well provided with exits. The means of egress at Drury Lane seem to be nearly as good as those at Covent Garden, and it is noteworthy that Mr. Augustus Harris places no reliance on exits which are usually kept closed. After giving the required information, he says that all "the doors, staircases, and corridors he has mentioned are open throughout every performance." We are inclined to put the Haymarket next to Drury Lane and Covent Garden in point of safety; for, though the exits are not by any means what might be desired, all the doors open outwardly—that is, they open from the theatre into the corridors, &c., and it is needless to point out how much this adds to safety. The Gaiety and the Lyceum appear at first sight to have better means of egress than the Haymarket; but a large proportion of the exits described are "extra exits," and to these there is an objection which will be shortly stated. Mr. A. Talbot Smith, who sends the Gaiety return for Mr. Hollingshead, is seemingly desirous of imitating the agreeable humour of his superior, as he states that there is an outlet from the stage by "scene door in Exeter Street, door large enough to let out."

carriage and pair." Actors and actresses are very rightly particular about their personal comfort; but we are not aware that any of them insist on driving on to or off the stage. It would have been more to the purpose if Mr. Smith had informed the public whether Mr. Hollingshead's doors open outwards, like Mr. Bancroft's, and how many carriages could drive out by the main entrance, into which the exits from stalls, balcony, and upper boxes converge.

With regard to other theatres considerable doubt and bewilderment will be felt, as any reader of the Report who is in the habit of going to play-houses, will find extraordinary difficulty in reconciling his recollections of the time and trouble required for going out with the accounts given by the managers of the exits from their theatres. To get out of them ought to be as easy as the descent of the Rigi. To suspect the managers of untruthfulness would be childish, and the unfortunate playgoer will probably be driven to the conclusion that he must have been mistaken, and that he cannot appreciate time or tell a straight path when he is on it. We may, perhaps, relieve him from the suspicion—most painful on several grounds—that frequent visits to theatres are connected with softening of the brain, by pointing out that the reports of the managers are, in some respects, a little vague. In speaking of staircases, they do not specify the lengths, or how many turns or angles there are, and these facts are not absolutely unimportant when safety has to be considered. Further, it will be found that in many cases the so-called separate exits lead into common passages, and therefore are not really separate exits at all; and that where this is the case no indication whatever is given of the angle at which the streams join. Those who have read Captain Shaw's admirable pamphlet on fires in theatres will remember that he considers this a very important matter. Most reassuring of all facts, however, to those who fear that their memories must be failing them, and least reassuring to those who fear a catastrophe, is the number of "extra" or "special" exits which go to make up the totals specified by managers. How are the audience to know of these extra exits? Frightened people will try to get out of a theatre by the same way that they came in, and it would be interesting to learn in how many cases the extra outlets are obvious and not likely to be overlooked by those who have no special knowledge of the theatre. Then, again, is it not highly probable that these outlets would, in the event of a panic, be found closed, or, at all events, closed against a portion of the audience? Not being used, in many cases, during the performance, they are, it may be presumed, usually locked; and it is too much to assume that, if an alarm arose, the attendants would immediately rush round and open them. The attendants, like other people, would be thinking of their own safety. It is to be feared that the ideas of some of the managers who have sent returns to the Lord Chamberlain resemble those of Dr. Losberne respecting burglars. He, it will be remembered, spoke as if it was the custom of housebreakers to send a notification of their intended operations a day or two beforehand. Managers seem to be under the impression that their staff will always receive reasonable notice of a fire or a panic.

Unfortunately this is not very likely to be the case until Mr. Gilbert's "resident jin" becomes a reality; and perhaps those playgoers who think that the exits from theatres are insufficient and inconvenient under ordinary circumstances, and that they would be utterly insufficient in the event of a panic, are not bereft of sense. Whether the Lord Chamberlain's counsellors will consider that any further inquiries are necessary is doubtful. Probably they are utterly exhausted by the effort they have made, and will require a long period of repose; but if happily they are still actively disposed, they will find that investigation may yet be profitably pursued. The returns of the managers are marked by that vagueness which often characterizes agreeable statements. Precise and detailed returns on certain points may well be asked for, as a great deal more information than is now given is required to show whether theatres are practically safe, or whether those who maintain that there is danger in London of catastrophes as terrible as those of Carlsruhe, Brooklyn, and Nice.

THE ISLE OF SAINTS.

IT is very expedient that, while Her Majesty's Government are patriotically endeavouring to pacify Ireland and to subdue her discontent at the expense of the Irish landlord, and while Mr. Gladstone is indignantly declaring that there is no confiscation in a measure which transfers from A. to B. sums variously estimated at from four to fourteen millions, the attention of English readers should not be too much diverted from the actual events in that happy land. Many explanations have been offered of the extraordinary turbulence of the Irish members at a time when they might be expected to be as mild as the milk of those cows which their constituents playfully mangle. One, and not an improbable one, is that it is a "diversion" in the military, and not the strictly Hibernian, sense of the word. The Briton, in his incurable stupidity, still turns, if not to the Parliamentary debates, at any rate to the Parliamentary summary, in his newspaper first of all; and an exciting scene, with the well-known names (which have the whish and thud of a shillelagh about their very spelling) in the middle of it, is capable of occupying him for the limited time he has at his disposal. Thus he has no leisure to turn to the

column headed "Ireland," and to admire the Apostolic virtues of Irish ministers of the gospel of ear-clipping; the patriotic and loyal eloquence of the twice-rejected scum of the Liffey and the Hudson; the valiant *faits et gestes* of the "boys" in reference to the tails, heads, bowels, and bodily arrangements generally of cows and sheep; the retiring modesty of the daughters of Ireland, which leads some hundreds of them to stone belated constables; the chivalrous feeling which induces their husbands and brothers to put them in the forefront, and cry "Shame!" if they take any harm; and all the other noble deeds which daily illustrate the Isle of Saints. The object of Mr. Healy and Mr. O'Connor, however, is not exactly the object of good Englishmen, and what they would gladly obscure we shall as gladly marshal forth and illustrate. It may be (who knows?) that the celebrated conscience of the nation, despite the hard work it has had to do of late, may between this and the end of the session give more unmistakable signs than it has yet given. Mr. Forster, with the charming *naïveté* and love of truth which makes him the pearl of all Ministers, but, it would seem, the most inconvenient of all colleagues, has defined the present condition of Ireland as "a combination to make robbery successful by armed resistance." We are very much obliged to him for the phrase, and only feel inclined to supplement it a little. We should rather call it a combination to make robbery successful by cowardly murders, by brutal outrages on animals, by presuming on the weakness of the Government, and, when it is quite safe, by armed resistance as well. It is, of course, for the people of England to say how far they will acknowledge the legitimacy of the means by authorising the Government to concede the end.

As usual, a painter of the condition of Ireland is distracted by the multitude of engaging subjects which offer themselves to him. Only an artist in glass, with the cunning advantage of innumerable separate lights and partitions, could do justice to it. That another victim of the Letterfrack outrage has died, that several Irish Jenkinses are in a position to carry their ears about them in cotton wool, and (if they choose to be so foolish) to "commit themselves to God and their country" like their great original, these are trifles. The events of the last week or ten days must be said to be the siege of Castle Gard and the arrest of Father Sheehy, with the various events which led up to and completed it. We must apologize for the tempting description, the siege of Castle Gard, for we are not absolutely certain that it was Castle Gard which was besieged and of which the garrison kept hold so valiantly. But the title is so seductive, so suggestive of chivalric associations, that we really must be allowed to identify the "old ruinous castle" near New Pallas, which for some week or so has been impregnable by Her Majesty's forces, with the Castle Gard, "a charming old fortress overgrown with creepers," which Mr. Becker describes in his *Disturbed Ireland* as lying close to the turbulent capital of the three-year-olds and the four-year-olds. The facts, at any rate, seem to be certain and the name is convenient. Yesterday week, it seems, some distraints and evictions for obstinate non-payment of rent were ordered at New Pallas. It should be observed that the district is a very prosperous one, and that the idea of inability to pay may be dismissed as extremely unlikely to be true. However this may be, a force of police sallied from Limerick—Pallas is just on the borders of Limerick and Tipperary—to do the work. One or two evictions were effected, but then the word was passed to hold the fort. An old castle (we repeat the hope and assumption that it was Castle Gard) was manned by the defaulters; stones were thrown; loopholes were made for firearms; and the police thought it best to retire. Next day the military were called in. Four companies of infantry, one hundred police—and, according to one account, two troops of cavalry—marched to the siege of Castle Gard. The approaches were treated with considerable military skill by the garrison. Accustomed to the vigorous measures of landlords in happier times, who maintained order by the appropriate means of cruel four-pounders, they supposed (and with some justice) that artillery would be brought against them, and broke down all the bridges. These being with difficulty repaired, Her Majesty's forces, to the number of some four hundred men, three-fourths of whom were regular troops, found themselves before the fortalice. With what orders or purpose they had come it is not easy to judge from the subsequent proceedings. They stood idle, unable to force their way through stone walls and forbidden to fire, while the three-year-olds and four-year-olds pelted them with heavy stones, and in some cases discharged firearms. Three men at least were put *hors de combat* by these unreturned compliments; and it is remarked, strange to say, that the troops "got a little exasperated." Then the admirable guardians of the spiritual welfare of Pallas came on the scene. That their flock should stone the soldiers was quite proper; that the soldiers should retaliate would be dreadful. So they "threw themselves between the parties and implored," &c. We do not entertain much doubt what would have been done by a resolute magistrate confident of the support of a resolute Government. The reverend gentlemen would have been gently removed, a couple of field-pieces would have been brought up, fair warning would have been given to the garrison, and at the expiry thereof Castle Gard would either have parted company with its rascally occupants or a few of the latter would have set up their everlasting rest on the spot. What was done was of course something quite different. The imposing force marched away, carrying its wounded, and leaving Castle Gard victorious. Some pretence of starving out the garrison was made,

but of course fruitlessly ; and thus the authority, not merely of the law, but of the Government of England, has been illustrated in a manner very salutary, suggestive, and stimulating to the enterprising members of the "combination to rob."

The part played by the priests in this affair was bad enough, but colourable. Certain other things, some of which Mr. Forster mentioned and some of which he did not on Tuesday last, are less ambiguous and even more instructive. When archbishops behave in the way in which Dr. Uroke has been behaving, the historic mind, studious of parallels, begins, in the first place, to understand the reprehensible conduct of Henry II.; and in the second, to expect many things from parish curates. The parish curates have been quite up to the mark indicated by their revered chief. Father Sheehy himself is probably no worse and no better than hundreds of his brethren. The Irish Roman Catholic clergy includes, we know, many priests who would be a credit to any Church. It is unfortunately but too true that of late years, more than ever, it has included scores and hundreds of half-educated and underbred, or rather unbred, men whose idea of their own dignity is in direct proportion to their unfitness for their office, and to the humbleness of their station and origin, and who see in the present agitation a means of regaining the position which the Irish priest once held by dint of horse-whip and excommunication. These men are infinitely greater pests to the country than the very worst of the Americanized Irish or the village ruffians, and it was high time that an example should be made of them. Their impudence may, perhaps, best be judged from the conduct of a certain reverend gentleman whose name we forget, but who has written to the Lord Lieutenant asking whether "the landlords are to be allowed to bully the people even in the house of God." This query refers to the fact that a Mr. Bourke had attended mass (as scores and hundreds of other persons have had to attend church services of every denomination in Ireland for the last year) armed. Father —'s mild congregation on this particular occasion hooted the bully, so that it would seem as if the bullying were rather on the other side. As for Father Sheehy himself, the consequence of his pious preachings of the Gospel of Peace was that an agent was stripped to the skin, and that the railway carriage into which he got was wrecked. Another bright ornament of the Roman Catholic communion is to be found in Father Clery, whom Mr. Forster with his usual good-nature allowed to be begged off from arrest on a false plea of great age. This person asked for "a cheer for Fenianism," and said that "if he had a resolution to propose it would be one for breaking open the gaols and liberating the prisoners." Considering that Fenianism is under the direct ban of the Roman Catholic Church, the utterance is a highly instructive one. Now it must be remembered that the Land Bill, if it were passed *en bloc* to-night, would do absolutely nothing to satisfy these people. It gives what they either have already or do not want, and it does not give them what they do want, which is permission to pay rent or not just as they please. In defence of this principle a fortified place has been held successfully against troops and police, and Roman Catholic ministers of religion all over the country are justifying robbery, urging on to armed resistance, defying the law and the Government, conniving at brutal outrage on man and beast. That is the state of Ireland, and that is the state which we are told in the first place demands, and in the second place will be cured by, a mulct on the landlords of so much per cent. of their property, and a complicated arrangement of litigation which its devisers refuse to explain, and which no one else even pretends to understand. Perhaps the most pleasant part of the matter is (for persons of good memories and a turn for the humorous) to remember the prophecies with which the disestablishment of the Irish Church was urged thirteen years ago. The Roman Catholic clergy, so long estranged, were to become the firmest battalion of the English garrison; their social status would be at once improved, and the democratic element in them lessened. No longer, smarting under the unjust preference of the Church of the minority, would they encourage disaffection or wink at attempts on property. Politics, indeed, would know them no more, and they would tend the vineyard of their Master undisturbed by alien cares. Father Sheehy and Father Clery and hundreds more are, indeed, egregious examples of the truth of this prophecy. They strive not, neither cry; they are all for judgment and justice; nothing would be further from their thoughts than putting themselves forth as "men of the people," and setting classes by the ears. Without irony it may be allowed that they do tend the vineyard of their master, but then it is of a master who is not quite the same as the one originally intended.

SPRING FISHING.

IT is a decided drawback to the pleasures of the angler's life that fine weather and "fine fishing weather" are very different things. The last few weeks, notwithstanding the tendency of the winds to set towards the chilly north-east quarter, have been extremely enjoyable in the country. There has been bright sunshine with almost cloudless skies. The vegetation has come forward singularly slowly, so that the vivid freshness of the vernal green on the lattice-work of buds and bursting leaves that let the lights and shadows play through the half-covered boughs has been very unusually prolonged. But all the time the angler has been longing for the rains that have never come, and he has been only tantalized by those flying showers that, as he fondly

hoped, might be the forerunners of a downpour. The weather, in the ordinary course of things, has smaller arrears to pay off in the way of wet than perhaps he fancies. For the ground everywhere was saturated with the heavy snowfall of the winter, which has been slowly draining away. But meantime he sees or hears of rivers shrinking in their beds, and of lakes subsiding below their ordinary levels. It is delightful and romantic; no doubt, for the amateur of nature and art to wander by the banks of some silvery stream, and looking down through the limpid water to distinguish each pebble at the bottom with each submerged wisp of weed. But nothing can be more disgusting to the fisherman who had thought of filling a basket. He marks the arrow-headed wave where the trout is shooting away to take refuge in the deeper water in the holes or under the banks; and the finest fishing with the lightest tackle fails to bring the shy fish to his lure. Nor is it better in the Scotch lochs, which in more favourable years are his favourite resorts; nay, there perhaps the case is still more desperate. In the streams there is always the hope of a chance in the shadows thrown by the trees or the banks, or in the broken water at the tail of some tiny cataract. But when the still surface of the untroubled lake reflects the undimmed azure of the sky, he may as well save his arms and shoulders and spare himself the trouble of throwing his flies. Or, should the surface be broken into wavelets by a wind from the east, the fish are almost as little inclined to rise as before. Fishing out of a boat must be somewhat monotonous at the best of times, but when it resolves itself into mechanical gymnastics with none of the pleasures of hope, it becomes more monotonous than ever.

But although the year is getting on, and we are near the beginning of June, there may be brighter, or rather duller and damper, days in store for the fisherman. If he be not tied to time and place by his business engagements, he may take comfort in the thought that there is a very considerable range of climate even in these islands, and that the waters of the Continent are very accessible. The City gentlemen in the punts between Henley and Hampton may sit on their chairs, like patience on a monument, between the beaming heavens and the translucent Thames. But in the West Highlands, for example, there will surely be water overhead, or at all events watery exhalations in one shape or another. The heavy morning mists will be long of dissipating, and clouds will roll downwards in the clearest afternoon from the lofty summits of Ben More or Ben Cruachan. Indeed, as we learn from the fishing reports, the sport on Loch Awe has been more than tolerable; and Loch Awe, although overfished in these latter days, is still perhaps the most attractive of the lochs of Scotland. And, as for overfishing, where is one free from it unless you go to the wilds of Nova Scotia or Labrador? In Scotland, wherever there is a sheet of water where the speckled trout are fairly plentiful, and which is left open to the public, the fishing must be more or less of a scramble. It is either actually or practically in the hands of the innkeepers, as they have a virtual monopoly of the boats. We do not deny for a moment that a comfortable inn is a capital thing. It is something to make sure of dinner and bed, nor is cheerful company of an evening undesirable, although angling is proverbially an unsociable pursuit. Nevertheless, the new system of innkeepers who monopolize and farm the fishing has its disadvantages. In May or June the bedrooms are occupied by men with the same objects as yourself. There is but a limited number of beds, and you may find it difficult to engage one. Though a keen enough fisherman in an ordinary way, possibly you object to excessively early rising. Notwithstanding that, there is nothing for it but to be up with the grouse, or rather before him. There will certainly be a race for the little bay, on which others, as well as yourself, have set their affections. And the chances are that, in spite of self-denial and the most strenuous efforts, you are anticipated by some unscrupulous rival, who must undoubtedly have dressed in the darkness, and groped his way to the shore. The fisherman should have an ample stock of patience, but mortal patience has its limits. If he has done nothing in the cool and comparative grey of the morning, it is obviously preposterous to go on whipping the loch when experience coming to the aid of common sense has assured you that the trout are in no taking humour. The very boatmen, whose interest it is to be sanguine, have ceased to give delusive encouragement, and are muttering and grumbling despondently beneath their breath. You may lunch and lie off, waiting for better luck in the afternoon, but on the whole you deem it more advisable to go ashore for the day, and give orders accordingly to pull back to the inn. But the day is still young, and it must be killed somehow. It might be supposed that there was no great difficulty in that. If the weather is unfavourable for fishing, it is delightful for all other purposes. There is glorious scenery all around. You may wander up lonely glens and climb mountains with magnificent prospects, or, if you like it better, you may lie down with a book in the shade, giving yourself over to sleep or the *dolce far niente*. But somehow, expeditions among the mountain scenery seem to go against the grain, for as the gambler at Monte Carlo is never happy when far away from the seductive and sadly delusive tables, so the fisherman, although thoroughly out of luck, hates to altogether lose sight of the water. And as for lying still in the sensuous enjoyment of doing nothing, that needs an absolutely untroubled mind; and your mind, in place of being at peace, is worried with anxieties for the morrow. Is there any meaning in that slight fall of the barometer? or are there signs of a break-up

in the weather in that shifting of the wind towards the west? So the hours drag slowly on till dinner-time, when the party, in place of meeting in a glow of high spirits, and comparing notes on the triumphant exploits of the day, is low and somewhat silent, if not absolutely morose. But it is a long lane that has no turning, and of course fortune may spin round with the weathercock at any moment. One happy morning you awaken to a day that repays you for your disappointments and long expectation. The wind is at last in the right quarter; the clouded sky is all you have been praying for; there is tepid softness in the air, and the loch is rippling deliciously. You are conscious of the prescience of a great success, and feel that each minute is being wasted before the rod is put together and the cast of flies is dragging in the water. The result fully confirms your expectations. The starving trout come at the flies with a rush, as if they had not tasted food for a fortnight; gorging the lure at a gulp and hooking themselves entirely to your satisfaction. The top joint of the rod bends almost double, and then comes the thrilling battle with an antagonist worthy of your tackle and steel. Now he is running out fast with fathoms of line, as if he meant to tow the boat to the river which discharges the water of the loch. Now he changes his mind and dashes back, as if he meant to break the line under the keel; which, unless you play him with skill and coolness, he may very probably do. In short, till by a judicious use of the gaff or landing-net he is safely deposited in the bottom of the boat, you are kept in a constant state of intense excitement. And in a quick succession of victories of the kind you forget many days of previous disappointments, and are inclined to swear that, setting salmon-fishing aside, there is no sport to compare with first-class loch troutting.

As for a fishing tour on the Continent, we should hardly recommend it to the enthusiast who sets heavy baskets before everything else. Moreover, Continental fishing is by no means what it used to be; much excellent water that used to be free to all comers some twenty years ago is now carefully preserved; and besides, the natives are become far more knowing than they once were, fishing for the pot with stealthy skill and by all manner of unsportsmanlike dodges. The Tyrol and Saltzkammergut have ceased to be the paradises that many roving English anglers had found them, long after Sir Humphry Davy had quitted this mortal scene. But for the tourist who makes fishing rather the pretext than the purpose of his wanderings there are still many districts that are highly to be recommended, and which have the merit of being more accessible than the Austrian dominions. Notably we have in our mind the Ardennes and Brittany; and Brittany, in particular, is most enjoyable in the early summer. The springs are late there, so the country is then in its full beauty. Especially in the seaward parishes, all through May and June, there are generally frequent showers coming up from the Atlantic, so that one is tolerably certain of finding water in the rivers. If these rivers were only as good as they look, they would come very near perfection; and as it is, we may often have a decent day, falling back upon roach or grayling if trout are not to be taken. The Breton streams run swiftly over stones and boulders, between banks they have hollowed out at the sharp bends and under the shade of overhanging trees. And even where the landscapes are more level in their character, one comes upon many a quaint old mill, with rapid currents where the river divides, and tempting bits of swirling backwater. So long as he keeps clear of any meadow-grass left to grow into hay, it is seldom the peasants interfere with the stranger, as is too often the case in Germany. Then in Brittany, where the rivers are numerous, you may change your headquarters as suits your fancy. It is needless to say that there are endless objects of interest in the picturesque old towns, which in most cases are still very much as they used to be, although they are inevitably doomed by the rage for improvements. The inns, though somewhat in the rough, are good and cheap; twice a day, thanks to the enlightened patronage of the *commis-voyageurs*, you may sit down to a plentiful repast, well cooked and well served; and the Breton bagman seems to be superior to his class elsewhere, being often a pleasant and intelligent companion. Considering the moderate length of the sea passage to St. Malo, where you find yourself disembarked to begin with in the picturesque scenery of the Rance, the trip is no very serious experiment, even should it prove a failure so far as the fishing is concerned.

THE FREIHEIT PROSECUTION.

THE trial of the editor of the *Freiheit*, an obscure German Socialist print, for the publication of a scurrilous and incendiary article, has resulted in a verdict of guilty upon all the counts of the indictment. The charge was one of libel, not merely in the sense of assailing the character of an individual, but in its technical meaning, of immoral teaching written with the view of being read and acted on and tending to the subversion of law and order. The article complained of, it will be remembered, appeared on the 18th of March last, exulted in brutal terms at the assassination of the Emperor of Russia, and contained a deliberate incitement to the repetition of such crimes, mentioning particularly the Emperor of Germany and the new Czar of Russia as fit victims for future attempts. The practical defence made was that the publication in a newspaper of such suggestions was not an encouragement to any particular person to commit the

offence within the meaning of the Act; and this point the Lord Chief Justice reserved for the consideration of the Superior Court, where it will shortly be argued.

The remaining line of defence adopted was a singularly unfortunate one; the learned counsel for the prisoner, Mr. A. M. Sullivan, M.P., addressed the jury with that fervid oratory and impassioned manner which Celtic assemblies are reported to love, but which seemed to exercise a very puzzling effect upon the twelve "good men and true" at the Old Bailey, who were obviously anxious to discuss calmly the facts of the case, and appeared immensely relieved when the Attorney-General commenced his cool and common-sense reply. Mr. Sullivan himself was quite encyclopedic in his history of former Government prosecutions for attacks on foreign potentates, citing, amongst other well-known instances, those of Lord George Gordon, who was punished for libelling Marie Antoinette; of George Vint, for a libel in the *Courier* newspaper upon the Emperor Paul of Russia; of Peltier, who was arraigned for an incitement to murder Napoleon Bonaparte when First Consul; and lastly of Dr. Bernard, who was tried as an accessory before the fact to the crime committed by Orsini and his fellow-conspirators, when several innocent persons were killed in the attempt upon the life of the Emperor Napoleon III. Without actually committing the grave error of justifying the outrage of which the article in question treated, the learned counsel laboured hard to show that *tyrannicide* formed a legitimate subject of political comment, inasmuch as upon a despot's life "hangs the whole superstructure of government" in his country—the metaphor is Mr. Sullivan's own—and asked the jury to say that, if Herr Most was to be punished for his utterances, Shakespeare was equally to be reprehended for the speech of Brutus in *Julius Cæsar*, and that Milton, Byron, Shelley, and Disraeli had all been guilty of writing similar arguments in favour of *tyrannicide*. The letters and comments which appeared in the *Times* at the time of the *Coup d'état* in France and Mr. Gladstone's famous letters to Lord Aberdeen upon the misdoings of the Neapolitan Government were also quoted as precedents in justification of the *Freiheit* article; the liberty of the English press and of the right of political asylum in this country were declared to be jeopardized; and dark insinuations were conveyed that "the hand of Continental Despotism" was at work, menacing our most sacred liberties, and that "Prince Bismarck was the real prosecutor in the case." Sir Henry James and the Lord Chief Justice made short work of all the fallacies of the defence. They pointed out not only the essential differences between the prosecutions quoted and the present one, but showed that all these proved that when a publication tended to weaken the bonds of civil society, the common law has always stepped in to punish and repress it. The notion that the interests of the English press were in any way bound up with such miserable and pernicious trash as the *Freiheit* was indignantly repudiated; and the argument from Shakespeare and the other great writers Lord Coleridge disposed of by pointing out that utterances put into the mouth of a dramatic character, and expressing sentiments proper to that character, differed entirely from direct regicidal teaching. He moreover pitifully remarked that, if words were to be so wrested from their context, we might as reasonably accuse David of atheism by quoting only the latter clause of the verse "The fool hath said in his heart: There is no God." Two advantages at least will be secured by the verdict and the forthcoming decision upon the point of law by the Court of Crown Cases Reserved; it will henceforward be impossible for foolish or evil-minded persons to publish sentiments subversive of order and morality, and the Act of Parliament which was passed some time ago to prevent such outrages will be available for its legitimate purpose. The axiom which Lord Coleridge laid down on Wednesday that the law will defend the liberty of the press, but will not tolerate license, is somewhat trite, but cannot be too often insisted upon. The conviction of the *Freiheit* offender is an authoritative confirmation of this doctrine and a useful precedent for its application; as such it is a distinct gain to the cause of order and morality. We may deplore the necessity for using the overpowering resources of the Executive against an obscure refugee, but the same argument applies to the prosecution by the Crown of the meanest thief.

So far from the right of asylum being in any way jeopardized by the result of this trial, the best interests of the refugee class are really served by it. It is not as a working ground for conspirators that England offers its hospitality to strangers, but as a sanctuary where those may enjoy free institutions who cannot find them elsewhere. The very existence of these institutions depends upon respect for law and order and the security which they afford to life and property, and it is as law-abiding citizens that strangers are welcome among us. If they come as the avowed enemies of "authority as such," and seek to compass the destruction of the very society that protects them, their position becomes untenable, and their conduct imperils the privileges of their more orderly brethren. Herr Most has brought himself within the reach of the common law by violating one of its first precepts and principles, and neither he nor his fellow-refugees have any right to complain because it has been administered as impartially in his case as it would have been in that of a British citizen. That which has given a factitious importance to his case is that the persons whose characters are vilified and whose lives are threatened are the heads of foreign States; but the Lord Chief Justice has laid it down, and the jury have pronounced by their verdict, that it is the cause of public security alone that is vindic-

cated, and that the offence would be equally punishable and punished if the threats had been directed against a private individual. The prisoner was recommended to mercy on the ground that this was the first number of his paper which contained such matter, and that he was a foreigner, who might have been suffering from some real or supposed grievance. As the prosecution was undertaken to uphold a principle, and not to inflict vindictive punishment, we are glad that Herr Most will have the benefit of this humane recommendation. At the same time it is difficult to see what wrong he as a German subject could have suffered at the hands of the Russian Government, of such gravity at least as in any way to excuse him for rejoicing in or wishing to compass the death of the sovereign of that country. Perhaps, however, we may learn something of the motives which actuate him and other Socialists from a slight indication which was afforded at the trial itself. The prisoner's counsel, amongst other things, stated that Most had been imprisoned in Germany for recommending his countrymen to forget and forgive the battle of Sedan. At first sight this would appear to be a most humane piece of advice, but we fear that it implies ulterior and less Christian motives. The object of the Socialists and Nihilists, or whatever the ultra-revolutionary party may call themselves, is to destroy the present state of society in order to build up on the ruins another system in which they hope to occupy a position more satisfactory to themselves. Against this scheme the old institutions of the family and the country directly militate, and accordingly Communism is advocated and patriotism discouraged, to the end that the opponents of order may form an international band strong enough to subvert the existing state of things. It is the evident presence of this danger which has induced foreign Governments to desire that international action should be taken with the view of averting it; and it is the knowledge of this which makes any Government action in this country so jealously watched when it appears to tend in the least in this direction. We are strong enough in the possession of our own liberties to feel secure against any serious menace from Socialism in England, and have no reason and no taste for interference in the matter; but we have all the more reason for jealously guarding the integrity of our institutions and the majesty of our laws, and it is our duty to vindicate these unflinchingly whenever they are violated.

THE ADJOURNMENT OF THE MONETARY CONFERENCE.

THE Monetary Conference has been adjourned for six weeks, and there are doubts whether it will ever reassemble. Indeed, some of the delegates proposed an indefinite adjournment, but to the majority that seemed too plain a confession of failure, and it was decided that the suspension of the sittings should be for no more than six weeks. There seems, however, no reason for their resumption. The discussions so far have been purely academic. Most of the delegates seemed to desire rather to air their own crotchetts and bring themselves before the world than to promote the object for which they were called together. M. Cernuschi was the worst offender in this respect; but all his colleagues are more or less open to the reproach. They allowed themselves a latitude in expressing their individual opinions which is not a little surprising when we consider that they were the representatives of the leading Governments of the world. Still, the Conference has been the means of bringing together some interesting information, and furthermore, has removed doubts as to the intentions of the several Governments respecting the silver question. Everybody knew beforehand that this country would not change its monetary system. But there were doubts respecting Germany, which seemed at least to have some reasonable foundation. The facility with which Prince Bismarck threw over Free-trade and returned to Protection afforded evidence that he would readily adopt bimetallism if he thought it would advance his views in any respect, while the famous comparison of the supply of gold to a blanket thrown over two men seemed to imply that he was really meditating a change of front in the monetary question also. Besides, the sales of silver had caused considerable loss—so considerable, indeed, that he had been obliged to suspend them—and it appeared not impossible, therefore, that he might enter into an arrangement with France and the United States. The intentions of the minor Governments are of less importance, but it is still worth while noting that Sweden, Norway, Denmark, and Portugal are all resolved to maintain the single gold standard, and that apparently Belgium and Switzerland are disposed to break away from the Latin Union, should France and Italy again allow the free coinage of silver. On this point, however, we must not be too confident; for, as we have already said, the delegates at the Conference allowed themselves a latitude which is misleading as to the real views of their Governments. For instance, Sir Louis Mallet expressed opinions which have since been disavowed by Lord Hartington in the House of Commons. We do not wish to pin Sir Louis to language which he seems partially to disavow in the communication read by Lord Hartington in the House of Commons; but we do not attach any importance to his declaration that he warned the Conference that he was expressing only his own opinions. A mere preface to a speech delivered in a Conference which he was attending as the representative of the Indian Government, containing the statement that he was only expressing his own opinions, could not be expected to carry very much weight with those who listened to him. Naturally

they would say that he would not go beyond the instructions of his own Government, and that if his language seemed to do so, it was still in accordance with the unexpressed wishes of those whom he represented. It is impossible, therefore, that the indiscreet advocacy of bimetallism by Sir Louis Mallet should not compromise his Government in the estimation of foreigners. They will say, and not without some grounds, that the Indian Government is restrained from doing what it would wish by the British Government, and that Sir Louis expressed the real wishes of the Indian Government as distinguished from the Home Government. And we are bound to add that the instructions given to Sir Louis and Lord Reay lend colour to this view of the matter.

Those instructions authorized the Indian delegates to undertake upon the part of the Indian Government not to change its present monetary system for a period of years, to be determined by subsequent negotiation, provided some of the principal Governments would open their mints to the free coinage of silver, in the proportion of $15\frac{1}{2}$ of silver to 1 of gold. If, however, none of the other Governments would stipulate as required, care was to be taken to reserve India's right to change her monetary system, if she pleased. We fail to see the object of insisting upon the proportion of $15\frac{1}{2}$ to 1. What is required by the Indian Government is to put a stop to the loss by exchange, and that would be done if silver recovered the value it had before the Franco-German War. But that value was maintained for a long period without the general observance of the ratio here insisted upon. That ratio, it is true, was the ratio of France and the other countries of the Latin Union, but it was not the ratio of the United States. Unless, therefore, the Indian Government is an advocate for bimetallism, and bimetallism, too, in the special form supported by M. Cernuschi, we cannot see why it should affect to make the retention of its present monetary system conditional on the adoption of this exact proportion of $15\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 by the other Governments. That it has done so, therefore, seems to lend colour to the view taken abroad that Sir Louis Mallet, in advocating bimetallism, was really giving expression to the wishes of the Indian Government. Of course, we are aware that he was not doing so. A very large number of the officials of the India Office, and of the officials in India itself, are in favour of bimetallism; but the Indian Government, as distinguished from Indian officialism, is not so; indeed, the Indian Government, in this sense of the word, can hardly be distinguished from the British Government. But the fact that the Government is not in favour of bimetallism renders this portion of the instructions all the more unwise and illogical. That, however, is the least fault of the instructions. What appears to us still more objectionable is the want of candour and the spirit of bargaining which pervade them. There is a kind of insinuation that, unless some of the leading Governments will adopt bimetallism, India will reject the single silver standard. Now we know quite well that India will not reject the single silver standard. She cannot afford to do so, even if she would. And, if she could afford it, it would be unwise. But it is enough to say she cannot afford it. The immense mass of silver which circulates in India could not find a market if demonetized, and India is too poor a country to suffer the enormous loss which would thus be entailed upon it. Threats, therefore, of demonetizing silver in India are empty and futile, and ought not to be even insinuated by a great Government. In the same way the spirit of bargaining which pervades the instructions is unworthy and undignified. Since India cannot demonetize silver even if she wished to do so, it would be much more straightforward as well as more dignified to say frankly that India has no intention to change its present monetary system; but that, if it would give more confidence to countries wishing to adopt bimetallism, she is willing to enter into a solemn engagement that she will not make any change for any number of years the other contracting parties may ask. There would be common-sense as well as straightforward dealing in doing this; but in the course that has been adopted we fail to see either sound policy or good diplomacy. The French and Americans know quite as well as we do that the Indian Government cannot afford to demonetize silver, and, therefore, are not likely to be alarmed by the threat hinted.

If France and the United States really wish to bring the work of the Conference to a practical conclusion, it would be more prudent not to reassemble the delegates. We are ourselves of opinion that the wiser course to adopt would be to drop the whole matter, and allow events to decide the fate of silver. Germany would then soon discover that it could not sell its silver without greater loss than the frugal German Government is willing to incur, and perforce would be obliged to find some use at home for its surplus metal. The East, too, would gradually absorb a great quantity of the metal that is pressing upon the European markets. Thus, in the long run, the price would attain a level which it would steadily maintain. That is all that is really required in the interests of trade. But, if the French and American Governments are not content to do this, their next best course is to drop the Conference altogether, and proceed to negotiations. They see that bimetallism will not be adopted by England, Germany, the Scandinavian kingdoms, and Portugal; but Holland and Italy are inclined towards it, and Belgium and Switzerland may also be persuaded perhaps to remain in the Latin Union. The frank adoption of bimetallism by those six countries would do much to rehabilitate silver. It remains to be seen whether silver would be accepted by the people of France and the United States. At present it is not so accepted. It accumulates in the Bank of France and in the Treasury of the United States. As fast as it is paid out by the one or the other Government it is

paid in again. But it is, of course, possible, if France, the United States, Italy, Holland, Belgium, and Switzerland were all to open their mints to the free coinage of silver, that the price would rise sufficiently to give confidence to the public, and that after a while it would circulate as freely as ever. This does not seem likely to us, because the prejudice against silver is very strong; and, besides, the metal is both cumbersome and inconvenient. Still, more difficult things have been brought to pass. Along with this adoption of bimetallism by the six countries named, a negotiation might be carried on with Germany on the lines laid down by Baron Thielmann in the Conference—namely, that Germany should undertake not to sell any silver for a specified number of years, and that it should call in its smaller gold coins, and re-mint its silver in the proportion of $15\frac{1}{2}$ to 1, making silver full legal tender for all debts up to 10*l.* That would undoubtedly give employment to a considerable amount of silver in Germany, and it would set free a proportionate amount of gold. It has been suggested that England also might enter into a similar arrangement. She might call in and melt down all her half-sovereigns, and engage not to coin a smaller gold piece than a sovereign, and might make silver legal tender for sums up to 10*l.*, at the same time re-coining her silver, so as to make the silver pieces of the full value they represent. That would entail a considerable cost, and it would impose inconvenience upon the public. But England, of course, is rich enough to bear a little cost, and the inconvenience would not be such as to form a very great obstacle. We see no very serious objection, provided the free coinage of silver is not asked for. The coinage of silver should remain as it is at present—a Crown prerogative only. The public should be allowed, as they are now, to send gold to the Mint in any amount they chose, but silver should be coined only by the Crown. The sole change then that would be made would be that silver, instead of being token money, as it is at present, worth considerably less than it passes for in trade, would be in intrinsic value worth as much as it professed to be, and would legally discharge debts up to 10*l.* That would not be an essential change of our present system, and might be done if it seemed likely to rehabilitate silver.

THE PICTURE GALLERIES.

IV.

AMONG the works of design to be found at the Grosvenor Gallery the "Endymion" (56) of Mr. Watts is especially remarkable. Few artists of our day, either in England or on the Continent, are so constant in the endeavour to express in painting the highest order of poetical thought. In the attempt to give defined shape to an intellectual idea Mr. Watts is now and then carried beyond the limits of pictorial art, and is betrayed into the sort of failure that appears in an exaggerated form in the fantastic invention of Blake. "The Genius of Greek Poetry" (55) is a favourable instance of incomplete achievement in this kind. It is marked by considerable charm of colour and by a certain suggestive beauty in the treatment of form, but it inspires us with no conviction that the painter could give absolute distinctness to the design if he were called upon to work it out upon a larger scale and with greater precision of imagery. A part of the fascination which the picture may be allowed to possess depends indeed upon its incompleteness. It is evident that the painter has not entirely mastered the difficult problem he has undertaken to solve, and we are left with the impression that the result does not quite sufficiently establish the fitness of the subject for translation into the limited language of painting. The full-length figure to which Mr. Watts has given the title of "Aradia" (57) suggests criticism of a wholly different sort. There is here no lack of the precision that should belong to a work of style; all the parts of the design are clearly and fully made out, and although something still remains to be done in regard to refinement of colour, it is work of a kind that lies clearly within the artist's powers of accomplishment. But when the picture has been completed according to its intention, it may be doubted whether it will rank with the best that Mr. Watts can do. The signs of individual invention are overweighed by qualities that may be traced to great example in the past; it is the expression of what the painter has acquired by the study of traditional excellence rather than the result of direct observation of nature, and to this extent, therefore, the result lacks the stamp of vitality and power. These two examples represent the opposite extremes of Mr. Watts's talent. On the one hand, there is a strong and genuine poetical gift, seeking, with something of hesitation and uncertainty, to accommodate itself to the settled conditions of pictorial design; and, on the other, we have an ample display of the artist's knowledge of these conditions, exercised in a manner that just misses the charm of individuality. "The Endymion," of which mention has already been made, is specially remarkable as affording an instance of the successful association of these qualities. The poetry of thought is here successfully reconciled with the strict requirements of painting. The scheme of the picture, in spite of its fantastic character, has been found capable of complete definition, and we are not a little to feel that there is something more to be said which some other art could more fitly utter. The figure of Diana as she stoops to touch the lips of Endymion is imaged against the dark sky in lines that sug-

gest the shape of the crescent moon; the pale draperies fluttering around her graceful limbs and the still paler flesh tints of her face and neck, contrasted with the sun-tanned skin of the sleeping shepherd, are skilfully contrived to enforce the same idea; and yet, although the mystic beauty of the legend is thus successfully presented, the design, as a whole, is carried out with a force and solidity of modelling, and with so much of human sympathy in the treatment of expression in the faces, that it tells with a sufficient effect of beauty even before we have had time to realize the poetic idea which it is intended to illustrate.

In the same panel with Mr. Watts's work hangs a very interesting little picture, by Mr. Walter Maclaren, of a Capri woman bathing her infant child. Mr. Maclaren has been content to take his subject from common life, but he brings to its interpretation a finely-cultivated sense of style; and, without falsifying the facts of nature, he has been enabled to produce a graceful and dignified design. In all matters of essential truth, in the frightened gesture of the naked child, and in the pose and movement of the female figure, he has kept strictly to the guidance of reality; it is only in the choice of form and in the treatment of the drapery that he has sought to correct the accidents of nature, and thus to give to his picture an added quality of beauty. Such work as this suggests how inexhaustible is the material at the command of art, even without diverging at all into the realm of poetical invention. A refined perception and a trained taste and power suffice of themselves to bestow a permanent charm upon the commonest facts; and there is small need to cast about for dramatic incident, or for scenes of strong pathos, when the simplest occupations of everyday life can be made to yield so beautiful a result. Nor is there any force of emotional expression that will alone for the absence of these finer qualities of style. Whatever interest of an intellectual sort a painter may choose to grant to his design must always be gratuitously bestowed; it cannot in any case be accepted in exchange for what is essential to every work of art, no matter how potent its theme may be. Mr. Armstrong's "Girl at a Fountain" (61) is executed upon the same principles as Mr. Maclaren has followed; and in the next room is to be found a very complete example of the style (137) by Mr. Albert Moore. Of artistic taste there is certainly no lack in the two frieze-shaped designs by Mr. Walter Crane, although the technical power needed to give effect to his ideas is not always forthcoming. Mr. Crane knows well how to make a picture tell its story, and he has besides a feeling for the ornamental beauty of landscape background which always gives added refinement to his work. If it were not for obvious and sometimes glaring defects of drawing, which seriously damage the effect of his design, the two pictures contributed to the present exhibition would deserve to rank among the best he has yet produced. It is indeed much to be regretted that an artist so richly gifted with creative fancy should, so far, have failed to perfect the means of doing adequate justice to his ideas, especially when it is remembered that in purely decorative art his drawing is often of admirable quality. Perhaps of all artists now exhibiting in London, Mr. Alma-Tadema leaves the least to be desired in this respect. The little picture in the Grosvenor Gallery is, indeed, a miracle of complete and finished workmanship; and one is almost tempted to forget the subject altogether in the inexhaustible interest that belongs to the subtle details of the painting. And yet Mr. Alma-Tadema has by no means neglected the dramatic point of his composition. His arrangement of the scene as a whole, as well as the treatment of individual faces, displays a rare illustrative power and a fine sense of dramatic character. The action of the soldier as he draws aside the curtain which conceals the timorous Claudio is effectively contrasted with the riotous demeanour of the drunken troop of guards and women who crowd the entrance of the chamber; while the confused heap of dead bodies lying between the two groups gives a sinister significance, both to the Emperor's terror-stricken face and to the wild laughter of his followers. It would be wholly impossible by description to give any idea of the technical mastery with which this scene is rendered. We may observe, however, that the workmanship, even where it is most minute, lacks nothing of breadth or simplicity. In this respect Mr. Alma-Tadema's talent recalls that of Terburg; for, like the great Dutchmen of the seventeenth century, he can imitate varied surfaces and textures almost to the point of illusion, and yet preserve a freedom and individuality of touch that effectively avoids any overpowering impression of mechanical labour or fatigue. It marks a sharp contrast in every sense to turn from this little picture by Mr. Alma-Tadema to the large decorative canvas of Mr. Britten. Here the immature resources of the artist lag far behind the clever motive of his design. Mr. Britten may be credited with a full measure of the youthful failing of audacity and with some other youthful qualities that are of rarer growth. However imperfect the execution of his design, it has at least the merit that belongs to a consistent and individual invention. The scene of Helen's Flight has been conceived in a form that owes nothing to tradition, but the result is not therefore to be dismissed as the fruit of mere wilful eccentricity. According to his own idea of the subject, the general plan of the design is, indeed, very successfully worked out; there is a sustained impression of life and movement often wanting to decorative work of much higher pretension, and there is besides a fearless acceptance of reality in the treatment of certain of the accessories of the scene which bears witness to a true artistic instinct. As regards the actual painting, Mr. Britten has suffered from indecision of purpose as

well as from imperfect resource. He has apparently not quite made up his mind how far the colouring of such a design might be reconciled with the claims of modern realism. Some of the draperies are handled with regard solely to decorative effect, but elsewhere there is an attempt to throw the figures into the landscape, and to treat the whole picture in the brilliant tones of open sunlight. But, in spite of this apparent confusion of style and of grave defects in drawing which can be less readily excused, the picture is at least sufficiently striking to awaken a good deal of interest in Mr. Britten's future career. If it has all the faults, it has also much of the promise, that belongs to youthful performance. Another interesting experiment by a young artist is Mr. Weguelin's "Roman Acrobat" (159). It is easy, of course, to perceive that the influence of Mr. Alma-Tadema has been at work here, and that his example has been followed, not merely in the actual processes of the painting, but in the choice and arrangement of the composition. Mr. Weguelin bestows much care upon the representation of marble surfaces, though he is still a long way behind his master. To imitate the occasional caprice and oddity of Mr. Tadema's mode of treating a subject is a somewhat easier achievement, and the disposition of the principal figure is in this sense fairly successful. The most unfavourable criticism suggested by the picture is that Mr. Weguelin has failed to get any great beauty of form or movement out of his subject. The figure of the acrobat displays somewhat too much of prosaic realism; the eye is arrested at once by the swollen deformity of the feet and by a certain commonness in the proportions of the limbs. In the painting of the figure also there is almost unnecessary coarseness of colour and modelling. The light from above falls upon the bare shoulders with an effect that tells rather as pain than as tone, and the quality of the colour is lacking in refinement. What is best in the picture is the vivid realism of the scene as a whole. The different expressions upon the faces of the spectators below are admirably rendered, and so also is the unconcerned look of the acrobat herself, intent upon her business, and indifferent to the effect of the performance.

To the large picture by Sir Coutts Lindsay we have already referred on a former occasion. It is certainly a very striking achievement, marked by strong dramatic imagination and by unsuspected artistic resource. To attain absolute success in the rendering of such a theme would test the power of the greatest painter of any age; and it is therefore no wonder that the execution in this case should often fall short of the dignity of the idea. In respect of draughtsmanship, there is evidence both of incomplete technical training and of insufficient practice; but against these defects must be set a fine feeling for the beauty of form and a very rare gift of constructive composition. Few English artists possess the taste and cultivated sense of style that Sir Coutts Lindsay has brought to his task; and, although the result misses absolute success, it is at least entirely devoid of vulgar pretence or affectation.

REVIEWS.

WILLIAM WHEWELL.*

DR. WHEWELL'S relations and friends have not acted wisely in the matter of his biography. When he died in 1866 there was a general feeling that his life ought to be written. He had been Master of Trinity College for a quarter of a century, and a member of the University for more than twice that number of years. From first to last he had occupied a position of singular prominence in a singularly eventful period, not merely in the microcosm of Cambridge, but in the world of science and letters both in England and on the Continent. Such a career must of necessity contain much that would be of permanent interest. To relate it successfully, however, two conditions should have been fulfilled. In the first place the biography should have been published without delay, for in Universities, more than in any other place, society changes rapidly, and even the greatest of men soon pass out of recollection; and secondly, it should not have been published in two divisions, of which one did not appear until ten years after his death, and the other is now before us. By this strange and unprecedented course an incomplete and—we venture to say—a wholly erroneous view of Dr. Whewell's personality has been given to the public. His life, more than that of most men whose time is absorbed by the most sharply contrasted occupations, was not parcelled out into periods according to the labour that he had set himself to do for the moment. The routine of College and University work did not in his case exclude scientific pursuits. His extraordinary energy, his power of absorbing himself in what he was engaged upon, enabled him to carry them on in the midst of all those vexatious details of office that usually render exact thought and literary composition impossible. Again, no matter how busy he was, he found time for society, for correspondence, and for attention to all that was going forward in literature and education. Yet from the first his representatives conceived the idea of having his biography subdivided. Their original notion was that it should be

published in three separate portions; (1) the scientific; (2) that which concerned the University and the college; (3) the domestic. The first of these was entrusted to Mr. Todhunter, of St. John's College. He performed his task with such admirable method that a general regret was felt that the whole had not been put into his hands. The second, after having been assigned to more than one person, and abandoned for reasons which it is needless to go into now, has finally been amalgamated with the third, and published by Mrs. Stair Douglas, Dr. Whewell's niece by marriage. She had originally intended to write the domestic portion only, and we can readily understand the unwillingness—of which she speaks in her preface—with which she approached subjects with which she must have been wholly unacquainted, and which are so technical that a stranger to Cambridge cannot hope to write about them without mistakes. She has been singularly unfortunate, too, in losing the help of Mr. James Lemprière Hammond at the very last moment. He had been a Fellow of Trinity College during the most eventful portions of Dr. Whewell's Mastership—the discussions on the revision of the statutes that commenced in 1857—and though he had felt it to be his duty to take a line in College affairs that placed him in direct opposition to Dr. Whewell's most cherished convictions, his judgment and conduct won his admiration first and his friendship afterwards. He was, therefore, in every way exceedingly well qualified for the office of biographer. The assistance given by him is fully acknowledged in the preface; but we can hardly believe it possible that, after his death, no other member of Trinity College could be found to give his help—"all such attempts having previously led but to delay and disappointment," as she says. Indeed, we are in a position to state that at least three competent persons are in existence there at the present moment, any one of whom would have gladly placed a large portion of his time at her disposal had she thought proper to ask for it. As it is, the absence of a supervising intelligence is painfully evident. To begin with, the book is far too long, and much of it is excessively dull. One-third, at least, of the letters might have been omitted with advantage. What light is thrown on Dr. Whewell's character by the preservation of trivial details about mishaps in travel and the like? Again, the number of misprints shows that Mrs. Stair Douglas is a novice at the technical business of seeing a book through the press. A more serious objection, however, to the convenience and utility of the book is the total absence of elucidation. A text should not be overlaid with notes; but when several hundred letters are presented to us, full of references to contemporary persons and events, some help is necessary. For instance, when Dr. Whewell, writing in 1836, says "there are a great number of points with regard to my future course of life which it seems to me as if I should be able to settle much more clearly if my book were fairly published" (p. 180), we should like to know on what book he was engaged. By turning to Mr. Todhunter's work, it is easy to discover that it was the *History of the Inductive Sciences*; but surely Mrs. Stair Douglas ought to have given a reference to him. All readers cannot have his book beside them while reading hers; and, without it, much that she prints is unintelligible. Strange to say, however, with the exception of a short passage in the preface, she never alludes to it at all. On the other hand, all old Trinity men ought to be grateful to her for her labours, and especially for the prominence which she has given to a side of Dr. Whewell's character of which probably few suspected the existence. We mean the warm affection which he felt towards his friends, and the tenderness of heart which was always yearning for sympathetic companionship.

We have no space for a systematic review of Mrs. Stair Douglas's book, or a detailed account of Dr. Whewell's life. We propose to attempt no more than a short description of him, assisted by the new information which has now been set before us. It is no exaggeration to say that, after he became Master of Trinity, he exercised, both in his own College and in the University at large, an almost unchallenged supremacy. He owed this as much to his splendid bodily presence as to his high character and great mental powers. "What a pugilist you would have made, sir," said Jackson to him, when he was taking some lessons in self-defence from that distinguished master of the art. Then he had a loud and cheery voice, and a countenance of which the gravity has been rather exaggerated in his portraits and in Woolner's statue. His eye was of that rarest quality in a man, a perfect blue, and he had a Titanic brow. A squire friend of his dwells upon the almost awe with which, suddenly looking up at a small dinner-party in Whewell's later days at his country house during Christmas-tide, he saw three brows simultaneously bending down over his table, all magnificent, and all singularly alike in conformation—those of Whewell, of Mason, envoy to England from the Confederate States, and of the genial painter Webster, still living. He had a keen sense of humour, and dearly loved a good joke or a funny story, both of which he told exceedingly well. But, though he took his degree so far back as 1816, a time when society was by no means refined, and the habits of Combination-rooms would have disgraced an alehouse, his conversation was never coarse, nor, even in his younger days, did he give way to any excess. The health of this sturdy son of Lancashire, except during his boyhood, was always excellent. No rebellious liver ever troubled his repose or made him look upon life with a jaundiced eye. It was his habit to sit up late; but, notwithstanding, he appeared regularly at morning chapel, then at 7 A.M., fresh and radiant, and ready for the day's

* *The Life of William Whewell, D.D., late Master of Trin. Coll., Cam., and Selections from his Correspondence.* By Mrs. Stair Douglas. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co.

work. This vigour of body enabled him to appreciate everything with a keenness which age could not dull, nor the most poignant grief extinguish except for the briefest intervals. He thoroughly enjoyed life, both its material and intellectual side. He would discuss a philosophical problem, or amuse a young lady with the plot of the latest novel, or kneel down on the carpet to play with a Skye terrier, or enjoy a good dinner, or drink a bottle of port, with equal heartiness.

Our own recollections of him previous to 1841 are of necessity vague. We can recall, however, a personage who was prominent even in the brilliant intellectual society that was then the boast of Trinity College, without whom no social gathering was thought complete, and who, in his hours of relaxation, was ready to take part in any piece of rollicking fun that might be going forward, not disdaining even a practical joke upon occasion. He was fond of the society of ladies, whom he perhaps found more tolerant listeners than men. He readily entered into correspondence with them, wrote riddles and verses and translated German poems for their amusement, and assisted approvingly at the musical parties which were then the fashion. There were several houses in Cambridge in which we should have ventured to say that he was a "tame cat," had there been anything feline in that rude and vehement nature, which was happily described as "Rough Diamond" in one of the cleverest *jeux d'esprit* ever published in Cambridge. In those days it was the fashion for College Dons to dabble in politics, and more than one of his Trinity friends made their fortune by their Liberal opinions. He did not imitate their example. He always described himself as "no politician." In 1818 he says decidedly that he does not approve of the Government (p. 43); in 1821 he opposed an address from the University against the Roman Catholics (p. 63); and in 1822 he voted against Mr. Banks for the same reason. But we never heard of his taking any decided line in those stormy days of the Reform Bill, when so many ancient friendships were destroyed; and latterly he abstained from politics altogether. His habitual exercise was riding, and he might be seen on most afternoons on his grey horse "Twilight," accompanied by his friend Dr. Worsley, still Master of Downing, either galloping across country, and "measuring the depth of every ditch in the county by falling into it" (as he said himself), or joining quieter parties along the road, whom he delighted by his anecdotes and brilliant talk. To this period belongs the famous story of the hunting of Lord Fitzwilliam's, the accuracy of which we tested by inquiry from Sebright, the veteran huntsman. His host said to him at breakfast, "We are all going out hunting; what would you like to do?" He answered, "I have never been out hunting, and I should like to go too." So he was mounted, and told to keep close to the huntsman. They had an unusually good run over a stiff country. At last, after clearing a formidable obstacle, the huntsman, who was leading, looked round to see what had become of the stranger. There he was, safe and sound, galloping along close behind him. "That, sir, was a rasper," said Sebright. "I did not observe that it was anything more than ordinary," replied the Don. So on they went, till at last his horse could go no further, and came to a dead stop, to the great indignation of Whewell, who exclaimed, "I thought that a hunter never stopped."

It is difficult to name any department of knowledge, any intellectual pursuit, any accomplishment even, at which he had not tried his hand with more than the usual success of such efforts at universality. Science was certainly his forte, but omniscience was with him more than a foible. A glance at his occupations between 1819 and 1841 gives convincing proof of this. In those twenty years he wrote a treatise on mechanics, which went through seven editions, each of which was almost rewritten; this was followed by a treatise on dynamics; he studied geology, and became President of the Geological Society in 1838; and Mineralogy, the chair of which he occupied from 1825 to 1832. He made experiments in Dolcoath Mine to ascertain the density of the earth; he studied the tides with great thoroughness and precision, and received a medal from the Royal Society in recognition of his labours; and, lastly, he wrote a *History of the Inductive Sciences*, in three bulky volumes, followed by "The Philosophy" of the same in two more, works which most men would have regarded as sufficient for a lifetime. Moreover, he studied ethics, and obtained the Professorship of what used to be known as "Casuistry," and now is called in Cambridge "Moral Theology," which he held from 1838 to 1855. It must be remembered that those were days of academic repose, before the endless meetings, born of Commissions, had begun; but still his College and University work must have taken up much time. In the above enumeration we have set down only his more solid works. In the intervals of his composition he studied French and German, in which he became a proficient, and made long tours abroad to cultivate the acquaintance of men of science; he wrote a clever book on architecture, in which he tried to prove that the pointed arch was derived from observation of the intersection of the barrel vaults of Romanesque work; he wrote reviews, papers in scientific journals, and pamphlets on University questions, of which that on the designs for the new library may be specially mentioned; he was one of the founders of the Philosophical Society, a regular attendant at its meetings, and a constant contributor to its Transactions; he preached before the University with such success that one of his oldest friends, Mr. Sheepshanks, advised him to be a candidate for a Professorship of Divinity; he tried to introduce hexameter verse into English literature by a spirited translation of Goethe's *Hermann and Dorothea*, and by addressing Mr.

Monckton Milnes (always a pet of his) as "Senator, poet, who long driven on in course Odyssean," and so forth; he cultivated music and drawing; he carried on a voluminous correspondence; and, lastly, he read every new book, no matter what the subject might be, that fell in his way. His memory was exceedingly retentive, and he helped it by taking notes and making abstracts of important works. He was, therefore, a most formidable antagonist in argument, and the consciousness of his own superiority to most persons with whom he came in contact made him self-willed and overbearing, as his friend Archdeacon Hare frequently deplores. With all this, however, strange as it may sound to those who remember him, he was in reality a modest man, anxious to obtain information from those better acquainted with the subject than himself. "I was always very ignorant," he writes to Hare in 1841 (p. 217), "and am now more and more oppressed by the consciousness of being so. To know much about many things is what I never aspired to, and certainly have not succeeded in." Here we may mention another pleasing trait in his character—his generosity. We do not merely refer to the numerous cases of distress which he alleviated, delicately and secretly, but to the magnanimity of temperament with which he treated those with whom he had been drawn into controversy, or whose wrong-doing he had been called upon to condemn. It is not too much to say that he never bore a grudge, or betrayed remembrance of a fault, or repeated a word of scandal. Moreover, there was nothing underneath about him. He would oppose a measure of which he disapproved, fairly and openly; but, when beaten, he cordially accepted the situation, and never alluded to the subject again.

In 1841, Sir Robert Peel being safely installed in office in place of Lord Melbourne, Dr. Wordsworth resigned the Mastership of Trinity, in order, as he expressly states in a letter to Professor Whewell, "that you may be, and will be, my successor." It was notorious that the Master's wish was to prevent the election of a Whig; and especially of either Dr. Peacock or Professor Sedgwick, both of whom were very popular with the Fellows. Dr. Whewell, therefore, entered upon his duties with the feeling of the College rather against him than with him. We now know how diffident he felt about his own fitness for the office, and how anxious he was to correct what he knew was defective in his character. In the same letter to Hare (p. 217) he says:—

In a person holding so eminent a station as mine will be, everything impatient and overbearing is of course quite out of place; and though it may cost me some effort, my conviction of this is so strong that I think it cannot easily lose its hold. As to my love of disputation, I do not deny that it has been a great amusement to me; but I find it to be so little of an amusement to others that I should have to lay down my logical cudgels for the sake of good manners alone.

In spite of these good resolutions, the first years of his Mastership were not a success. He was impatient, and he was overbearing, or at any rate, he was thought to be so, especially by those senior to him; and they abused him in no measured terms. The true explanation of much that was wrongly ascribed to mere arrogance is to be found in the lofty view that he took of the position and duties of the Master of his great College, and of the obligations laid upon him to exact from others the same precise observance of college rules that he imposed upon himself. This view once adopted he was far too conscientious not to put it into practice, regardless of the age and station of the person of whose conduct he disapproved. Hence he was erroneously regarded as a vexatious disciplinarian, even as an "imperious bully"—to quote a contemporaneous pamphlet—whose head had been turned by unexpected good fortune. A survival of this feeling exhibited itself years afterwards in one of the *motls* that circulated after the publication of *The Plurality of Worlds*:—"Whewell thinks himself a fraction of the universe, and wishes the denominator to be as small as possible." Then came his Vice-Chancellorship, always a perilous year for a newly-elected and vigorous-minded Head. He tried to suppress disorders in the University by the same system that he had pursued in college; but his efforts only resulted in unpopularity. We well remember the degree-day of January 1843, when penny whistles sold for a shilling, so great was the demand for them, and the indignant undergraduates received the Vice-Chancellor with a concert the reverse of respectful. We have already mentioned the keen pleasure that he took in society. He had no sooner become Master than he threw open the Lodge, which had been closed during his predecessor's reign. "If a stranger comes to Cambridge, Trinity Lodge is the proper place for him to be entertained in," was his own expression of his hospitable intentions. He was not, however, as successful as a host as he wished to be. Unfortunately he had a bad memory for faces, and often gave unintentional offence by failing to recognize people. He used to say that "he liked to see a dinner in full cry"; and he certainly tried to promote that desirable end by vigorous personal efforts. In his hands, however, conversation was a monologue rather than a dialogue. He would select a subject, and handle it in a masterly fashion till he had had enough of it. But it was not in his vehement and impulsive nature to brook interruption, still less contradiction. A person who ventured to differ from him ran the risk of being crushed with "Sir, I perceive you do not understand the subject." His society, therefore, came to be dreaded rather than welcomed, especially in his own house. Again, he could never forget that he was Master, and insisted upon guests appearing in their gowns, as though they were fulfilling a college duty. At first even those who came to dinner came up to the drawing-room so habited, and were then asked to take them off; but subsequently this was given up, and academical vestments

were left in the hall. Those who came to an evening party, however, were obliged to wear them for the whole evening. It was a very uncomfortable rule, and it made the undergraduates more sly and awkward than they would otherwise have been. Then it came to be universally believed that it was his wish that no gentleman should sit down. We feel convinced that this was a mistake, but it was mistake that was never corrected; and his parties made him more unpopular than his conduct in graver matters. Throughout his mastership he was respected and admired, but he was never loved.

It has been said that Whewell has not left his mark on the University. We beg leave to differ from this view. His philosophical and ethical systems may have been superseded; but not only have we got his scheme for the promotion of the study of international law, but we owe it to him that natural science has obtained its present hearty recognition. So early as 1828 he pleaded for the construction of scientific lecture-rooms and museums, and the establishment of the Moral Sciences and Natural Sciences Triposes in 1848 was in the main his work. It must not, however, be supposed that he was in any sense of the word a reformer. For a scheme to be approved by him, it must have been hammered on his own anvil. It was one of his mental defects that he could not put himself in the position of others, and see things as they saw them. He could hardly ever give his opponents credit for common honesty of purpose when they proposed to make any sweeping changes in institutions his admiration for which made him blind to their defects. Hence the language he used respecting the University Commissioners in 1855 (p. 439). Some one said to him, "I fear this is all very trying to you!" "Trying," he replied, "it is breaking my heart!" and to his wife he wrote that "disgust, grief, and hopelessness swallow up even indignation." Nor was the expression of his feelings limited to words. He treated one, at least, of the Commissioners with such coldness that, though he made every excuse that a generous man could make for the Master's conduct towards him, his last days were saddened by his old friend's estrangement. And when we remember that the four Commissioners whom he judged thus severely were Sir John Romilly, Dr. Peacock, Professor Sedgwick, and Sir J. F. W. Herschel, the most strenuous advocate of Dr. Whewell must admit that his conduct towards them ought to have been very different. The changes in the college statutes in 1857, and the discussions thereupon, gave him equal, if not greater, pain. Here, again, he could write of the conscientious effort of the junior Fellows to carry out what seemed to them important reforms:—"It is a very sad evening of my college life to have the college pulled in pieces and ruined by a set of schoolboys. . . . We have crazy work, as I think it." It is painful to have to record these blots in the character of a great man whom we sincerely respect; but no attempt to describe him would have been complete without some allusion to them. It was fortunate that he died when he did. The changes in college that appeared to him so revolutionary were trivial by comparison with those that have since been accepted by large majorities.

THE CHAPLAIN OF THE FLEET.*

THE latest novel of M. Besant and Rice seems to us to be also in some respects the best that they have as yet produced. The authors have deliberately set themselves in the writing of it a task of exceptional difficulty, and the success with which the task has been performed more than excuses the daring of the attempt. To paint accurately the manners of a past time is in itself difficult enough, and the difficulty is naturally increased when the narrative in which they are painted is supposed to be written by a person actually belonging to that time, whose whole attitude of mind is naturally different in many important regards from that of a later generation. To these difficulties yet a third is added, when, as in *The Chaplain of the Fleet*, this narrative is written by a woman, and in its nature involves a considerable knowledge of girlish character. These difficulties are, as we have said, overcome with signal success, and it may be fairly stated that the result is an exceptionally skilful *tour de force*, in which from beginning to end there is no appearance of effort. In a former story from the same hands, *Sweet Nelly, my Heart's Delight*, there was exhibited a remarkable capacity for assimilating not only the manners, but the way of looking at things, that belonged to a bygone age; but it is of course a greater strain to keep up an assumed character through three volumes than through one or one and a half. With some reason, perhaps, exception might be taken by a caviller to the title of the book, which is to a certain extent misleading, inasmuch as Chaplain of the Fleet is as much a definite title as is Chaplain-General of the Army. Now the Rev. Dr. Shovel has nothing whatever to do with the navy, and is, in fact, a Fleet Parson, or rather the Fleet Parson, since to others of the genus he is as a Triton to minnows.

Kitty Pleydell is the daughter of the Rev. Lawrence Pleydell, who has died before the first chapter of the book begins, and has left for his daughter a characteristic letter, which makes the reader wish that he had been allowed to make acquaintance with Pleydell while he was yet alive. Of this the most important part for the purpose of the book's plot is an injunction to go to London, "and there seek out thy uncle and mother's brother, the Rev.

Gregory Shovel, Doctor of Divinity, of whom I have spoken to thee of old. I take shame to myself that I have not sent him, for many years, letters of brotherly friendship. Nor do I rightly remember where he is to be found. But I know that he lives, because once a year there comes to me a keg or anker of rum, which I know must be from him, and which I have drunk with my parishioners in a spirit of gratitude." Then follows the direction of a coffee-house where Dr. Shovel's address may probably be obtained inasmuch as there "they know all the London clergy." Armed with this, and with the small legacy which comes to her, Kitty goes up to London, but before that comes to pass some important events have taken place. Sir Robert and Lady Levett, the great people of the parish, have been uniformly kind to Pleydell and to Kitty, and, indeed, Kitty has been practically brought up at the Hall since her mother's death. At the Hall there live Will Levett, Sir Robert's son, and Harry Temple, his cousin, and Sir Robert's ward. Both these youths are, in their different fashions, in love with Kitty, and both propose to her before she goes away. She, in a manner which is made by the narrative to appear perfectly natural, accepts both proposals without knowing it, and thus she starts in life with quite as much future trouble awaiting her as is fitting for a clever and pretty heroine. A proper escort is found to take her to London in the person of Mrs. Gambit, wife to one of Sir Robert's tenants, and the incidents of the journey are skillfully arranged so as to remind one, if any reminder were needed, of the characteristics of the time in which the story is laid. There is much talk on the way of highwaymen, and it was only long afterwards that Kitty learned that the old clergyman, whose paternal interest in her had been so marked as to alarm Mrs. Gambit, was, in fact, the notorious knight of the road, Black Will, in one of his many disguises. Arrived in London and at the coffee-house where they have been bidden to inquire for Dr. Shovel, Kitty and her duenna are much astonished at the more than lively interest displayed by the ragged parsons who fill the coffee-house when they learn that she is Dr. Shovel's niece, and this surprise is increased by the strange roads through which their coach takes them to Dr. Shovel's abode and the stranger scenes which take place as they near their goal. We have already revealed the fact that Dr. Shovel is a Fleet Parson, though no ordinary Fleet Parson, and we may now quote Kitty's description of the first impression which his presence made upon her:—

He was a very big and stout man—one of the biggest men I have ever seen. He was clad in a rich silk gown, flowing loosely and freely about him, white bands, clean and freshly starched, and a very full wig. He had the reddest face possible: it was of a deep crimson colour, tinged with purple, and the colour extended even to the ears, and the neck—so much of it as could be seen—was as crimson as the cheeks. He had a full nose, long and broad, a nose of great strength and very deep in colour; but his eyes, which were large, reminded me of that verse in the Psalms, wherein the divine poet speaks of those whose eyes swell out with fatness; his lips were gross and protruded; he had a large square forehead and a great amplitude of cheek. He was broad in the shoulders, deep-chested and portly—a man of great presence; when he stood upright he not only seemed almost to touch the ceiling, but also to fill up the breadth of the room. My heart sank as I looked at him; for he was not the manner of man I expected, and I was afraid. Where were the outward signs and tokens of that piety which my father had led me to expect in my uncle? I had looked for a gentle scholar, a grave and thoughtful bearing. But, even to my inexperienced eyes, the confident carriage of the doctor appeared braggart: the roll of his eyes when we entered the room could not be taken even by a simple country girl for the grave contemplation of a humble and fervent Christian: the smell of the room was inconsistent with the thought of religious meditation: there were no books or papers, or any other outward signs of scholarship; and even the presence of the Prayer-book on the table, with the hassocks, seemed a mockery of sacred things.

The Doctor's clerk has brought Kitty in, taking her to be one of the Fleet parson's clients, and it is some little time before the mistake is cleared up. When this has been done, the Doctor proceeds to deliver an admirable oration in defence of his disreputable calling, and after that he takes counsel with himself as to where to bestow his niece. Before this is arranged, she has an opportunity of witnessing the performance of a batch of Fleet marriages, a ceremony which is described with a great deal of vigour and humour. Here, as elsewhere, it is artfully contrived that, in spite of the Chaplain of the Fleet's degradation, one cannot but regard him with a certain amount of admiration, if not of respect, for his complete command over his fellow-men, and, within certain limits, over himself. He is in the habit of presiding in the evenings at convivial meetings frequented by the dwellers in the Rules of the Fleet; and the fame of his gifts in speech and story has spread so far that young bloods not infrequently attend these meetings for the express purpose of seeing him. One such, Lord Chudleigh, comes to such a meeting on a fateful evening. The Chaplain of the Fleet has his own reasons, which we need not reveal, for hating any one who bears the name of Chudleigh, and he takes what he thinks a terrible revenge upon the son of the man who has injured him. He beguiles him, with all the other guests, into drunkenness, places him in his own bed, wakes him early the next morning before the fumes of the liquor have disappeared, and makes him go through all the forms of a binding marriage with Kitty, whose face even he is not permitted to see for a minute. Kitty, it should be said, is compelled into an act which might otherwise seem unworthy of her by the overwhelming force of her uncle's will. Here it will be seen is a pretty complication to begin with. The heroine is, without knowing it, engaged to two young men, and married to another, who has no idea who she is.

* *The Chaplain of the Fleet*. A Novel. By Walter Besant and James Rice. 3 vols. London: Chatto & Windus. 1881.

Now comes a change in the circumstances of the heroine and of her friend, Miss Pimpernel, in whose care the Doctor has placed her, and who has hitherto been an inmate of the Rules of the Fleet. Miss Pimpernel comes into some money, and the two go off together to Epsom Wells. Just at the period of the story the glory of this watering-place (in the old sense of the word) had revived for a few years. There were concerts, balls, assemblies, breakfasts, and although there appears to have been no actual Master of the Ceremonies, the frequenters of the place had deliberately adopted the rules of Beau Nash, which involved amongst other things a prohibition of the wearing of swords by any visitors at the Wells. To the Wells, the life at which is described with signal brightness and accuracy, comes presently Lord Chudleigh, who finds Kitty established as the belle of the place, and who is introduced to her as a stranger. They fall in love with each other, as is only proper and to be expected, but Kitty's is a fearful joy, since she naturally dreads her dear lord's discovery that she has been a party in the disgraceful plot of her uncle against his peace of mind. On his side he is tormented by the consciousness that, married to who he knows not what poor wretch, he has no right to give expression to his love for Kitty. The situation is, of course, to a certain extent saved by her complete knowledge of facts, with which he has only an acquaintance, the very vagueness of which carries terror with it. Out of several pretty love scenes which arise from this complication we choose for quotation part of one in which the double difficulty is apparent to the reader:—

"You know," he said, "that I love you, Kitty. You have known that for some time—have you not?"

"Yes, my lord," I replied, humbly; "I have known it, and have felt my own unworthiness. Oh, so unworthy, so unworthy am I that I have wept tears of shame."

"Nay—nay," he said. "It is I who am unworthy. My dear, there is nothing you could tell me which would make me love you less."

I shook my head. There was one thing which I had to tell. Could any man be found to forgive that?

"I came back here resolved to tell you all. If I could not ask for your love, Kitty, I might, at the very least, win your pity."

"What have you to tell me, my lord?"

It was well that the night was so dark that my face could not be seen. Oh, tell-tale cheeks, aglow with fear and joy!

"What have you to tell me?" I repeated.

"It is a story which I trust to your eyes alone," he said. "I have written it down. Before we part to-night I will give it to you. Come—he took my hand again, but his was cold—"come, we must not stay longer. Let me lead you from this slippery and dangerous place."

"One moment"—I would have lingered there all night to listen to the accents of his dear voice. "If you, my lord, have a secret to tell to me, I also have one to tell you."

"Nay," he replied. "I can hear none of your pretty secrets. My peace is already destroyed. Besides," he added desperately, "when you have read what I have written you will see that it would be idle to waste another thought upon me."

"I will read it," I said, "to-night. But, my lord, on one promise."

"And that is?"

"That you will not leave Epsom without my knowledge. Let me speak with you once more after I have read it, if it is only to weep with you and to say farewell."

"I promise."

"And—oh, my lord! if I may say it—since your lordship may not marry me, then I, for your sake, will never marry any other man."

"Kitty!"

"That is my promise, my lord. And perhaps—sometimes—you will give a thought to your poor—fond Kitty."

He caught me in his arms and showered kisses upon my cheeks and lips, calling me his angel and a thousand other names, until I gently pushed him from me and begged him to take me back to the company. He knelt at my feet and took my hand in his, holding it in silence. I knew that he was praying for the blessing of Heaven upon my unworthy head.

These things being so, the course of Lord Chudleigh's and Kitty's loves cannot, of course, run smooth; but beyond this difficulty there are interferences caused by the spite of a rival beauty, whose character is sketched with a firm and light hand, and in the appearance at the Wells of Harry Temple and Will Levett, each of whom regards Kitty as his promised bride. Harry is the easier to manage of the two, although even in his case Kitty has to employ a clever and somewhat cruel stratagem to rid herself of his importunities. Will turns out, as might have been guessed from his boyhood's pranks, to be a dull ruffian, who, accustomed to adulation from everybody in his own small village, attempts to lord it over every one at the Wells, and for a time succeeds, in consequence of the disinclination of well-bred gentlemen, who are not allowed to wear swords, to engage in a street brawl with an offensive person brandishing an oaken cudgel. Finally, two or three of the leading visitors agree to break the usual rule and confront Will with threat of cold steel, which effectually quells him so far as the observance of public order is concerned, but which has no effect upon his obstinate determination to make Kitty his wife. There is a thrilling scene consequently of a forcible elopement and a rescue, and at last the unhappy Kitty is freed from the persecutions of the two lovers whose claim to her hand has in the first instance fallen upon her like a thunderbolt. There remains the greatest difficulty of all, and the solution of this readers may find out for themselves. We have purposely given the merest sketch of a novel which, as it seems to us, is not only full of invention, but is charged with a curious knowledge both of the spirit and of the details of the life with which it deals. The minor characters, among whom we may specially mention Solomon Shallabas and Sir Miles Lackington, are capitaliy drawn; and it is safe to say that the book is full of interest from beginning to end. Of its interest in another way, as an unusual feat of literary skill, we have already spoken.

PROCTOR'S POETRY OF ASTRONOMY.*

Of all the sciences, astronomy has immemorially been felt to be the one most fitted to kindle the poetic imagination. In heavenly space there is an absolutely boundless sphere wherein the intellect may expand and the fancy may wing its flight. The mystery of the stellar depths, the mazes of the shining orbs, the stupendous cycles which science has assigned to their paths in space, and to their history for eons past and to come, have been to poets a perennial fount of inspiration, an exhaustless store of trope and figure. From our growing familiarity with celestial objects, and the exactitude of modern processes of calculation, measurement, and analysis, there might be bred, it was to be feared, a chilling of the imaginative fire, a contempt for the simple moods of awe and wonder with which the heavenly bodies were wont to be looked up to as diviner far than anything of earthly mould. Yet against this materializing effect of the *Zeitgeist*, it may be pleaded, we are disposed to think, that the fuller and more definite knowledge of later years has given, in some important respects, fresh incentives and additional scope to the imaginative powers. In the newest born of the special sciences, for instance—the department of solar physics—is it not conceivable that fresh fuel may be found for the poetic fire which, on the traditional embers of sun, moon, and stars, had come to burn unmistakably low? So at least thinks Mr. Proctor, who would on no account have the triumphs won by our gigantic lenses and subtler prisms unhonoured and unsung:—

Carent quia vate sacro.

The scientific spirit is beyond doubt closely akin to and largely vivified by the spirit of poetry. The intellectual instinct or effort which pierces into the mysteries or abysses of nature, or gives form, unity, and harmony to the structure of the universe, differs little but in form from that whereby the poet frames his ideal world. The true man of science is a seer, a creator by right of his revelation of new aspects of nature. In the purest and most abstract of the sciences—the mathematics—the imaginative faculty has most signally made good its claim, having in our own time, in its inspiration of such men as Gauss, Sylvester, Cayley, and Clifford, created for itself additional spheres and subtler methods, with flights for the fancy into novel realms of space. Of music, considered as a science no less than an art, the same law of the mind holds good. And in the less ethereal world of physics there is, in a degree, abundant play for the same faculty. "No one who studies aright the teachings of the profoundest students of nature will fail to perceive that our Galileos, Keplers, and Newtons, our Priestleys, Faradays, and Tyndalls, have been moved in no small degree by poetic instincts, and that their best scientific work has owed as much to their imagination as to their reasoning and perceptive faculties." Thus writes Mr. Proctor in the preface to his recent volume on the *Poetry of Astronomy*: and he proceeds to make good and illustrate the lesson in a series of a dozen essays upon various astronomical subjects, "regarding the heavenly bodies less in their scientific aspect than as suggesting thoughts respecting infinities of time and space, of variety, of vitality, and of development." His aim is not so much to draw out in didactic form the dry facts and systematic teachings of modern science as to impress the mind of his readers with the glory and splendour of the universe. He takes for granted so general an acquaintance with the most advanced of astronomical theories or observations as may permit him to dispense with the preliminary proofs, passing on from admitted and isolated facts to the ulterior relations they bear to each other or to the universe at large, or the consequences to be looked for from their prolonged operation as causes of cosmical change. The prophetic vein may thus be said to mingle largely with that of poetry, widening its scope and intensifying its spirit. The infinite range of the astronomer's intellectual vision, together with the certainty of his methods of calculation, leading features of contemporary science, will be found a powerful motive to strike the poetic imagination. In the wonderful development of solar physics, which has given its special character to the astronomic science of the last twenty years or so, we see themes of contemplation opened up in which sober fact almost perfors assumes the garb of fancy. The glowing hues and subtle threads or bands which the sun's disk exhibits in the field of the spectroscope are not more fraught with beauty and variety than are the speculations (as yet hardly more than fanciful) as to the causes that lie behind these strange and fascinating phenomena, the forces they faintly reveal at work, or the ranges of time and space involved in their operation. And what is the utmost emission of solar light and heat compared with the infinite shining and incandescence of the multitudinous stars, but as the energy of one unit amongst hundreds of millions? Or look at the most recent mystery, which, but for its temporary darkening by the moon's limb under eclipse, the solar orb would never have revealed to our view, the rose-tinted streams, probably of blazing hydrogen, that are seen starting forth from the interior and reaching for hundreds of thousands of miles into the glowing corona. What forces are here at work! What volumes of matter are here massed together, or whirled about in storms or vortices which it transcends our utmost imagination to measure! And yet, if anything is certain in this science of paradoxes, it is that the elementary substances which combine in these tremendous volumes and glow with this

* *The Poetry of Astronomy: a Series of Familiar Essays on the Heavenly Bodies, &c.* By Richard A. Proctor, Author of "The Borderland of Science," &c. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1881.

incalculable degree of incandescence are none other than those familiar to us on the surface of our own earth. The vapours of iron, copper, and lead are present in enormous, whilst ever varying, quantities in that fiery atmosphere, just as in our own aerial envelope the vapour of water is always present, though not always to the same extent. Glowing hydrogen is there as a fixed constituent, just as oxygen and nitrogen are fixed constituents of our own air. The recent announcement of oxygen having been detected in the solar spectrum has not been verified by observation of the bright lines we had been led to expect during the late eclipse. The stupendous distance to which the luminous corona (now plausibly identified with the zodiacal light) is calculated to extend, the sun's visible disk forming but a trifling nucleus within this mighty sphere, is something to appal the powers of calculation. And yet from the centre to the circumference of this prodigious mass tremors like auroral streams are seen to run in intervals so short as to astound us with the velocity of transmitted vibration. If an undevout astronomer is mad, must not a solar physicist with no poetry in his soul be deemed a monster? To give fitting language to the thoughts which studies so entrancing should kindle in him may, indeed, not be the strong point of the sensitive man of science. Nor can we say in candour that Mr. Proctor shows quite the power to utter the poetic thoughts that arise in him. As Mr. Browning has allowed in his own instance, he neglects or lacks the form. Of the fineness of his ear we may to some extent judge from his selecting for quotation a specimen of rhyme so exquisite as

expanses of liquid, pure,
Transparent, elemental air.

In the topics touched upon by our author there is an intrinsic grandeur, an occasional mystery, or a suggestion even of terror, likely enough to thrill any poetic fibre that may exist in the reader's temperament, the writer having all the while, unknown it may be to himself, been talking prose of the most bald and commonplace kind. We have scientific men who, in writing or speaking, throw without an effort a glow of poetry over all they have to tell of nature and her marvels; but we sadly miss this charm in Mr. Proctor, even when he has for his theme the heavens, with all their glory and beauty. There is much matter of interest in "The Sun in his Glory," one of his opening discourses, in which he sums up the most important gains to our knowledge of solar physics within the last twenty years, due chiefly to the revelations of the spectroscope. We might, however, complain of the tone conspicuous throughout these representations, as fitted more to set the audience agape with wonder, like a mob on a firework night, than to leave their souls aglow with poetic fervour. The sun's heat may be equalled to that given out by the consumption of 11,800 millions of tons of coal in a second of time; the feeble pull of his mass at our distance may be set against the might of a child's arm; 350 millions of years may be assigned for the cooling of the earth from 2000° Centigrade to the heat of boiling-water, as, later on in the book, the probability of the uniform direction of the 175 known asteroids in their orbits round the sun having been due to chance is set down in decillions; but how far, we would ask, is the average student to be enlightened or edified, still less kindled to poetic musings, by piles of figures such as these? Nor is Mr. Proctor at all times so careful as he should be of exactitude in the facts upon which his structure of paradox is to be built up. "When the Sea was Young" is one of the most thrilling themes to which he strikes the poetic lyre. His thoughts fly back to eons or abysses of time in which the genius of Milton might easily be lost. For "of all things terrestrial," he premises, "the ocean is at once the most ancient, and the one which will endure the longest." Mountains and hills have from time immemorial been taken as emblems of the everlasting. The Bible speaks of the "everlasting hills." But, in reality, Mr. Proctor reminds us, the mountains are young compared with the ocean. Habakkuk and the Psalmist were not so true to nature as Byron:—

Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow,
Such as creation's dawn beheld thou rollest now.

To the unimaginative reader it might occur that before the ocean was precipitated there must have been a bed to hold it; and, however strong may be the proofs of the mass of watery vapour having been held in suspension and forming an envelope of mist or cloud around our globe, analogous, it may be thought, to the present condition of Jupiter, must not the crust of the earth have made vast advances from the intermediate seething molten mass that followed upon the original state of incandescent nebulous vapour, so that not a few of the now existent products of the earth's cooling (many forms of crystal, for example) had assumed their solid shape? Looking, on the other hand, to the strong conviction of many geologists, supported by Mr. Proctor himself elsewhere, that our ocean, like that once possessed, it is thought, by the moon, is destined to be withdrawn by fissures and clefts into the interior of the planet, a full third of its volume having, according to some, been already so absorbed, how can it be said that the ocean is to endure beyond all things terrestrial? Before soaring upon the wings of poetic or prophetic rapture, it were well to make sure of having solid ground under the feet. Mr. Proctor shows at times his lighter moods. He has his *allegro* as he has his *penseroso*. After exciting our fears by entitling a chapter "Living in Dread and Terror," he conjures up for us what he calls a world of vagaries, taking us for a round of hypothetical visits to other planets than the earth, pleasing our fancy with what would be the effect of such change of physical surroundings. This is somewhat like looking at ourselves now inside now outside of a spoon; at

one minute all length, at another all breadth. On Jupiter we are flattened like pancakes; on Mercury we hop, skip, and jump over the highest mountains. Suppose we alight on one of the newly-discovered moons of Mars, proposed to be named Deimus and Phobus, not more than twenty miles in diameter. The high jump of a fair athlete would be half a mile, and the long leap after a run of nine Martian miles would be $2\frac{1}{4}$ miles, or a sixth part of his world's diameter, tantamount to the whole way from England to India, or from Scotland, over the North Pole, to Bosphorus's Straits.

Applying this reasoning to either of the moons of Mars whose gravity we have assumed equal to a six-hundredth only of terrestrial gravity, we arrive at the stupendous—the appalling—result, that men there might be six hundred times as tall as terrestrial men, yet equally active. The same reasoning applies to animals, and the idea of an elephant or a giraffe six hundred times as tall as terrestrial specimens of these animals is dreadful indeed. But let us content ourselves with considering human beings only. The Brobdingnags of Swift sink into utter insignificance beside giants 1,200 yards high. The average height of a Brobdingnag was about 20 yards, or ten times the height of ordinary men. So that the inhabitants of a Martian moon, on the assumption we have been dealing with, would exceed a Brobdingnag sixty times in height, or six times more than a Brobdingnag exceeded Gulliver, or than Gulliver exceeded the King of Lilliput in height. Amongst the Martian lunarians Brobdingnag would be almost as utterly insignificant as a Lilliputian among Brobdingnags.

Keeping in mind, however, the vastly less volume and the consequently excessive rarity of the air on this tiny globe, its entire atmosphere being, he calculates, only one 64-millionth part of our own, Mr. Proctor goes on sagely to reflect, not only that any visitant from the earth would sink at once for want of breath, but that such people as may be conceived to inhabit the Martian moon would find their vital energy so reduced that, instead of being able to leap half a mile high or two or three miles on the flat, they are to be imagined not a whit more active than we are with our weight six hundred fold greater, but with a far more effective respiration. Need it be said that the known uniformity of nature may be trusted to adjust whatever forms life may assume to its external conditions or surroundings, wheresoever in the universe its lot may be cast? Of what kind of use or interest can be speculations as to the building materials or processes requisite in a world where a block of platinum would press downwards with less force than a block of lead one-twentieth of its size on our earth? A Krupp cannon, whose range here is five miles or so, would leave such a diminutive moon for ever, its recoil carrying the cannon half-a-dozen miles away from the firing point, or wellnigh half-way round the insignificant sphere. A walker as good as Weston could easily keep up with the sun, and practically put an end to time. As we are put through all the whimsical puzzles which Mr. Proctor's fancy conjures up, we are reminded of such familiar conundrums of our childhood as "How many cow's tails would reach the moon?" Are his modern instances, after all, much wiser than the old saw that, if the sky were to fall, larks would be cheap? There may be groundlings whose ears may be tickled by such tricks as he chooses to play before high heaven; but it is by no means clear to us that the interests of science or the edification of the reader are promoted by writing in such a vein as this.

THE FIRST OF MAY.*

THE fortunes of illustrated books are hard. They are also known as "table-books," because they are laid on tables, especially drawing-room tables. To lie on tables is their end and mission. Occasionally they are opened and turned over by unfortunate persons, too shy or too dull to talk, who hide their *ennui* and confusion of face among the pages of illustrated volumes. If they escape this doom, *livres de luxe* find themselves shut away in the cabinet of the amateur, who does not look at them once in a score of years. And yet there is obviously a demand for tomes whose fate is thus unavoidable, for volumes which are the "wall-flowers," or the veiled recluses, of the world of books. We imagine that rich but honest people buy treasures of this sort, partly by way of having a taste, partly to give them away as Christmas or wedding presents. It is a peculiarity of human nature to purchase and give away things that no one would purchase to keep. Hence comes the market for ormolu, for the dreadful vagaries of modern pottery and porcelain, and for large decorative books. The artist who decorates such volumes has, at least, the comfort of thinking that his designs are occasionally glanced at, by persons who cannot converse, or are in want of an opening for conversation. But the author, the provider of the "letterpress," as it is contemptuously called, knows that no one will ever read his prose or verse. His composition is a mere peg to hang pictures on, and his share, on the whole, is next to nothing.

In spite of these obvious considerations, Mr. Walter Crane and his anonymous associate "have done their level best" to make *The First of May* a pretty collection of verses and designs. Mr. Crane's skill and fancy as a designer of illustrations for picture-books are well known. His fanciful talent ought to be at home in Fairyland, and, as we shall see, many of his designs are extremely graceful and captivating. Much depends, of course, on the sort of Fairyland which Mr. Crane is expected to illustrate. His fairies are not the somewhat stern and tragical beings of the old Scotch poetry. They are not mere semblances, hollow behind

* *The First of May: a Fairy Masque.* By Walter Crane. London: Sotheran & Co. 1881.

(though a few of Mr. Crane's female figures rather suggest this ancient superstition), nor is their gaiety subdued by the thought that every seven years they "owe the kame to Hell." They do not carry off knights and seers, like Tamlane and Thomas of Ercildoune, and their country is not begirt by the woful flood:—

For a' the bluid that's shed on earth
Runs in the streams of this country.

Mr. Crane's fairies, like those of Shakespeare, are interested in mortal lovers. But, unlike Oberon, Puck, and Titania, they are extremely moral, aesthetic, and instructive. There are also bad fairies, who attempt to interfere with the work of the good ones. Perhaps the most ingenious of Mr. Crane's drawings are the pair which represent the rival powers at work. Good little elves are building nests, carrying flower bells in yokes, like milkpails, on their shoulders, letting birds out of cages, and in every way forwarding the work of spring. Bad little elves are cankering and blighting flowers and fruits, and associating with wicked beings in all the more hideous reptile shapes. The good fays are the subjects of Angelica, Queen of the Fairies. Her chief adviser is Robinet, chief fairy verderer of Rosedale Forest, whose duties answer to those of the Duke of Cambridge in Hyde Park. But Robinet is an extraordinarily moral and aesthetic sprite. He talks like the Slade Professor of Fine Art and the preacher at St. Mary's for the week rolled into one. Thus he is quite capable of lecturing about the "torso of an oak," and when he wants to praise that sweet *rosière*, Lilian, the mortal May queen, he says—

Sweet manners has she, gentle courtesy,
Which far transcend her lips, and eyes, and hair,
As the high vassal Colour Form transcends.

This may mean either that virtue and gentleness are to eyes and hair as Form to Colour, or as Colour to Form; probably the earlier statement of the equation is that intended by the poet. Even the wicked elves speak about their "worse self" as if they were writing didactic essays in the *Nineteenth Century*. There are various other fairies, with prettier names than Herrick gave them—Melilot, Speedwell, Daffodil—and so on. Lilian, the Queen of the May, has a mortal lover, Laureo. On the other side are her Fairy Majesty's Opposition. We have Mandrake, the leader, Adderstongue, Canker, and Toadstool, his associates, and Marjory, who is dressed as a clergyman. This is rather hard on the clergy. It was the Dissenters rather than the Church who anticipated Marjory in his attacks on the wickedness of May-day sports. The Pervigilium Veneris, Mr. Crane and his poet may be reminded, though picturesque and doubtless extremely jolly, was the very reverse of a moral entertainment. Angelica would have put it down, and Robinet would have rebuked it in his very best blank verse. As to Marjory, he is the enemy of the modern survival of May-day in its pretty rustic shape. One need not be a Marjory to pity the miserable, blue-nosed, bedizened children who beg for copperas on May-day in London. But, perhaps, there are still idyllic villages where the rites are prettily managed, and then we scarcely suppose Marjory would wear the exaggerated dress of a clergyman of the Church of England.

The plot of the Fairy Masque is extremely simple. Mandrake and his company try to ruin the May and the love affair. The spring is saved and the lovers reconciled by Robinet, Angelica, and the good fairies generally. In fairness to Mr. Crane's poet (whose verses have been very neatly copied by the artist, and surrounded with scrolls of flowers and forms of flying birds), we give some examples both of the blank verse and the lyrics. Here are Lilian's remarks on the dawning of the 1st of May:—

Ne'er broke such morning on the First of May!
It came as comes some palmer cross the hills,
Who in his hand a budding palm-branch bears,
Which as he bears, touched with the breath of spring,
Quick into silver buds and blossoms breaks,
Then quick from silver turns to flossy gold,
Then quick from gold spreads into whitest down,
So broke the morning o'er a thousand hills.

The last line is pretty, in the others a slight want either of experience or of native gift for blank verse may perhaps be detected by the critical ear. As a specimen of the lyrics (in which, by the way, "dawn" should not rhyme to "born") we take the Songs of the Elves:—

THIRD ELF.
Swallow, me the ocean o'er
Silver-breasted courser bore;
Where the sun went there went we,
Made four seasons Graces three.

FOURTH ELF.
In squirrel's store-house crept,
Cracked his filberts while he slept;
Sang and danced as came the whim,
Then with nutshells pealed him.

FIFTH ELF.
First I lodged with brown field-mouse,
Crushed my wings, so small his house;
So I went to humble-bee,
Honeycomb and mead gave me.

Here the obscurity of sense in the Third Elf's song is the result either of careless or inexperienced writing. "Made four seasons Graces three" may imply that four seasons made three Graces (which is nonsense), or that three Graces made four seasons, which has no particular sense. In the last line of the Fifth Elf's song we propose to read, *ex conjectura nostra*, "honey-

comb and mead gave he," which at least provides a nominative to give.

Turning from the verse to Mr. Crane's drawings, we fear that a threadbare criticism must be repeated. His combinations of elfish shapes and fantastic beasts and flowers and birds are as admirable as ever. But his drawing of the figure, as usual, leaves much to be desired. His undraped women are too often like attenuated men; they suffer from flatness and scragginess. In Plate XXXI, the body of the warrior seems much too heavy for his spindly-shanks of legs. Plate XLIII, on the other hand, is exceedingly pretty; and so is poor deserted Lilian in the Fiftieth Plate. The figure of Laureo, the lover, is always stiff and constrained, and all the passion of the affair is obviously on the side of Lilian. The drawings are "photo-engraved" by Messrs. Goupil, and are certainly fine reproductions of the originals, which lately were—perhaps still are—being exhibited in a gallery in Bond Street. To be just to Mr. Crane's fairies one should compare them with those of Cruikshank and of Mr. Richard Doyle, in his really delightful Christmas book. The fairies of the two latter artists, who vary so much in almost everything else, were full of life, malice, fun, and mockery. Mr. Crane's seem, in their faint attenuated grace, rather like the feeble ghosts of classical *hôtes mystérieux de la forêt* than jolly English pixies. Angelica, especially in the reconciliation scene, where she stands undraped joining the hands of the lovers, is rather like a Venus of Mr. Burne-Jones than a fairy queen. She has the air of a converted goddess of the hollow hill, no longer amorous of wandering knights, but anxious to live as respectable a life as is consistent with classical theories of drapery. In his two rustic figures, and in the burly priest Marjory, Mr. Crane makes a creditable effort to escape from his own extreme refinement.

COLLECTED WORKS OF DR. SIBSON.*

THE late Dr. Sibson was a man of marked individuality of character. Those who knew him personally will not easily forget his frank, genial manner, and the abounding energy he was wont to display in the conduct of any investigations or affairs with which he was at the time engaged. In the present volumes are embodied the results, not of all, but of more than a representative portion of, his labours in the furtherance of medical knowledge. His great illustrated work on "Medical Anatomy," to which he devoted the loving and arduous labours of many years, is not reproduced, nor are certain minor and more or less incomplete productions. With these exceptions the present volumes contain the whole of the important contributions made by Dr. Sibson to the professional knowledge of his day.

The papers and memoirs are prefaced by a brief account of Dr. Sibson's life from the pen of the editor. From it we learn that Sibson was born at Cross Canonby, in 1814, and received his education in Edinburgh. At the early age of fourteen, when commencing the study of medicine, he was apprenticed to the distinguished anatomist Professor Lizars; and only a few months after the completion of his seventeenth year he obtained his diploma from the Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh. In those days such a thing was possible, though now the aspirants for this or for similar distinctions in any of the medical corporations throughout the United Kingdom are happily compelled to produce evidence that they have attained riper years. In Sibson's case, however, the cessation of his nominal student's life was but the beginning of a new studentship upon a wider and more untrammelled basis. He continued, in fact, throughout his whole career, to be an eager and zealous student. Dr. Ord says:—

The years 1831 and 1832 saw the first outbreak of cholera in this country. Sibson, with the courage and thirst for investigation which marked his whole life, at once volunteered to serve in the cholera hospitals. He was thus employed first at Leith and Newhaven, afterwards in Edinburgh. Contemporary letters speak in warm terms of his attention and thoroughness in the treatment of the victims of this terrible epidemic, doubly terrible then by reason of its novelty and strangeness.

After studying pathology for a time in London, in the year 1835 Sibson obtained the appointment of "Resident Surgeon and Apothecary to the Nottingham General Hospital." This post he continued to hold for thirteen years, and during the whole of the time, apart from the mere duties of his office, which were sufficiently arduous to a nature like his, he "threw himself with ardour into the path of independent observation and research." In the year 1844 was published his first important paper, "On Changes induced in the Situation and Structure of the Internal Organs, under varying circumstances of Health and Disease." This memoir at once brought him a high reputation. Two years later he published an elaborate paper on "The Mechanism of Respiration" in the *Philosophical Transactions*, and during the next two years this was followed by a series of papers on cognate subjects. Then, acting upon the advice of certain friends, though greatly to the regret of members of the medical profession at Nottingham, Sibson determined to leave the provinces, and enter as a physician upon the wider sphere of London life and practice. This involved the taking of a medical degree and the passing of other examinations as necessary preliminary steps. On leaving the town of Nottingham "a handsome testimonial was presented to him, but who the donors were was always kept a profound

* *Collected Works of Francis Sibson, M.D.* Edited by Dr. Ord. 4 vols. With illustrations. London: Macmillan & Co. 1882.

secret. The amount, however, was such as to render his early residence in London free from anxiety." Thus, at the age of thirty-four, Sibson again for a brief period resumed ordinary student life, and set himself with all the energy of his nature to obtain the particular medical diplomas which required the hardest work and were the most esteemed. Within the year 1848 he graduated successively as Bachelor and Doctor of Medicine in the University of London, obtaining honours at each examination. In the following year he became a member of the Royal College of Physicians, and, on account of his scientific work, was also elected a Fellow of the Royal Society. When, two years later, St. Mary's Hospital was opened, Dr. Sibson was appointed one of its first physicians, and later, on the establishment of a Medical School in connexion with the Hospital, he became one of its lecturers on medicine. Here, during a period of twenty years, he was at once a zealous physician and an enthusiastic teacher as well as student. During eighteen of these years he patiently and laboriously gathered the material for, and superintended, the execution of the plates for his great work on "Medical Anatomy," which was published in 1869. Two years after his appointment to St. Mary's Hospital, Dr. Sibson was elected a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, and in the following year he delivered the Goulstonian Lectures. Then his life became one of full and varied activity. As the editor of his works says:—

From this point onwards we find him filling a great part in the medical life of London, in relations so various and so important, in lines so individually distinct, that a chronological record of his doings for each successive year would give only a confused idea of what he was about. His studies went on unceasingly at home and in the hospital, in moments snatched from the busy day, in hours yielded from what should have been given to the night's rest; while outside, in the world, he was in active practice and making his energy and strength felt in public life.

The volumes before us contain twenty-six papers, which have been selected either on account of their "individual completeness," or from the fact of their containing "distinctly original matter." They are arranged broadly in two groups; the first comprehending papers relating to the physiology of respiration, and the natural history and diagnosis of diseases of the lungs and heart; the second, papers relating to the physiological action and therapeutic use of certain narcotic poisons.

Dr. Sibson's labours were, in fact, in the main devoted to such studies as were calculated to improve our knowledge, and, above all, our power of accurately diagnosing thoracic diseases. He strove with all his might to broaden and make sure the foundations upon which the physician has to rely in building up a clinical experience which shall make him competent to recognize the ever-varying phenomena presented by thoracic diseases in individual cases. There can be no doubt that one of the earliest of Sibson's papers, that which has been before referred to as at once winning for him a distinct reputation, is a contribution of considerable value even at the present day, and is well worthy of being reproduced from the pages of the provincial journal in which it was originally published. It might, however, have been made more useful than it is had the editor chosen to add to it some classified table of contents, in order to facilitate reference to the different groups of facts with which it is concerned. Nor, had Dr. Ord expended so much of extra care upon the work, could he have incurred any of that kind of blame which he is so particularly anxious to avoid. It seems rather an empty and questionable kind of pretext when the editor seeks to excuse very distinct repetitions in several papers, of both groups, by merely writing as follows:—"Readers who may find a little weariness in some of the recapitulations will perhaps pardon the Editor, whose reverence has forbidden him to blot out any word of the author's writing." Yet it is scarcely to be supposed that even Dr. Ord imagines these writings of Dr. Sibson to be up to the level of those of a Harvey or of a Sydenham, much more of an author from whose writings no word ought to be blotted out. In truth, some of the papers included in these volumes are far from having any very conspicuous merit; and others of them, though they were undoubtedly interesting contributions to the knowledge of the time at the date of their publication, are now, after the rapid growth of scientific information in the interval, not likely to be looked into with more than a languid curiosity. This applies, for instance, to the paper entitled "Remarks on the Fever of Nottingham and the neighbourhood that prevailed in the summer and autumn of 1846," which was written at a time when our knowledge as to the real distinctions existing between typhoid and typhus fevers was still in its infancy; before, in fact, the masterly contributions of Sir William Jenner to this subject were published. Another of these early papers, however, that on the causes and mode of 'Death from Chloroform,' though published in 1848, is a valuable communication which contains conclusions and cautions that are still quite harmonious with, and even fully representative of, our present knowledge on this subject. Sibson said:—"We are obliged, then, from the experience of these cases to conclude that in man the death is usually instantaneous, and due, as every instantaneous death is, to paralysis of the heart. In animals the death is usually due to paralysis of the muscles of respiration." The experience of subsequent years has also confirmed the fact that death is most apt to occur during the use of this anesthetic in trivial cases, and has thus fully justified Sibson's conclusion, expressed more than twenty years ago that "In dental surgery (except in extreme cases) and in trivial operations, the use of chloroform is not justifiable." Had this view been generally adopted earlier, to the

same extent that it is at the present day, the total number of deaths from chloroform would have been appreciably smaller.

One and a half of the four volumes are occupied by a series of papers which were published in Reynolds's *System of Medicine* only a very few years ago, and it cannot be said that there was any particular need for their reproduction in their present form. In all probability these papers will still be seen and consulted principally where they were originally published.

One of the last papers reproduced in this work, and almost the last published by Dr. Sibson, is an "Address in Medicine," which he delivered before the British Medical Association in 1873, mainly on the subject of the advantages of "rest and ease" in the treatment of acute rheumatism and acute gout. The address was able, thoughtful, and based upon much careful observation. By it we are reminded of one of the real advances which has been lately made, even since the period of Sibson's death, on the therapeutic side of medical science. Rheumatic fever had long been regarded as one of the most intractable of the diseases with which the physician has to deal, and by way of comment upon the comparative inutility of the most various modes of drug treatment, Dr. Sibson occasionally said that "six weeks and a blanket" was the only known antidote for this common but obstinate malady. And yet now the treatment of this disease might be almost as fairly embodied in a new formula—"six days and salicylate of soda"—so truly does this drug act like a charm in cutting short and extinguishing rheumatic fever. The search for specifics is, after all, not vain in regard to certain diseases; and the power for good which their discovery ensures is almost inestimable in its amount and range, when one considers that after a time it becomes an efficient weapon with which to combat disease amongst generation after generation of human beings in all parts of the civilized world.

JAPANESE POETRY.*

MR. CHAMBERLAIN considers that he has discovered one scrap of originality among the Japanese. He quite admits that all their "religion, philosophy, laws, administration, written characters, all arts but the very simplest, all science, or at least what then went by that name—everything was imported from the neighbouring continent." But, though the greater part of the literature is fashioned on the Chinese model and expresses Chinese ideas, the poetry is, he holds, a native product of the country. He bases this opinion on several grounds; but in order rightly to understand the subject it is necessary to glance at the circumstances connected with the introduction of Chinese civilization into Japan.

Tradition places the arrival in Japan of the first Corean teacher in A.D. 284, but history points to the fact that the Chinese language, a knowledge of which was thus first introduced into the country, did not form a subject of general study until about the sixth century. Up to this time the Japanese had therefore been practically without the knowledge of letters. China, on the other hand, had already a large and ancient literature, rich in history, philosophy, and poetry. The "Book of Odes," we know, existed as a collection in the time of Confucius; and if we follow its fortunes we find that, during the centuries of disorder which followed the death of the Sage, its contents were known but to a handful of scholars, who were divided into four schools, each of which pinned its faith to one of the four existing and differing texts. In the fourth century of our era three of these texts had perished, and the fourth, that of Maou, would have shared the same fate but for the retentive memory of a man of the same name, who succeeded in restoring this version. The suspicion which would naturally attach to a text thus preserved is not diminished by the fact that the characters of the language had undergone three distinct modifications of form since the time of Confucius. During the Ts'in Dynasty the "greater seal" was exchanged for the "lesser seal" character, and this again for the "official" character, which in its turn made way, in the fourth century, for the characters at present in use. The majority of the poems in the Book of Odes are written in lines consisting of four characters only, but the metres of others vary considerably, and in one (Part II., Book 4, Ode 5) we find lines of five and seven characters combined. With the establishment of the Han dynasty (B.C. 206) there was a general revival of letters, and poetry naturally shared the attention paid to literature by the scholars of the time. Under this new inspiration, the narrow limits of four characters to a line were almost universally disregarded, and by the middle of the sixth century the fashion of writing in lines of five and seven characters was generally adopted. Such was the outward condition of Chinese poetry when it began to be studied, with the remainder of the literature, by the Japanese.

But, turning to the pieces of poetry translated in the work before us, which are principally taken from the *Manyefushis*, a collection compiled in the eighth century, what do we find the condition of the Japanese muse to have then been, and how far does that condition support Mr. Chamberlain's theory of the originality of Japanese poetry? Mr. Chamberlain says that Japanese, unlike Chinese, poetry "regards neither rhyme, tone, accent, quantity, nor alliteration, nor does it rather frequent parallelism follow any regular method. Its only essential rule is that every poem must consist of alternate lines of five and seven syllables, with, generally, an extra line of seven syllables to mark its close." As we have already

* *The Classical Poetry of the Japanese*. By Basil Hall Chamberlain. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

shown, metres of five and seven syllables were in common use in China at the time when the Japanese became acquainted with Chinese poetry. The absence, however, of rhyme, tone, accent, quantity, and alliteration would, if it existed as universally in Japanese poetry as Mr. Chamberlain supposes, and if these characteristics were so invariably present in Chinese poetry as he imagines, constitute a marked difference. But in the following ode which he has chosen to illustrate his remarks we find that four lines out of each stanza of six rhyme together:—

Utsumishi	Tama naraba,
Kami ni taheneba,	Te ni maki-mochite
Hanare-wite,	Kinu naraba,
Asa nageku kimi;	Nugu toki mo naku,
Sakari-wite	Waga kohimur
Waga kofuru kimi	Kimi zo kizo no yo

Ime ni miyetsuru.

Nor is this by any means an unusual case. On the other hand, the rhymes in Chinese poetry are very irregular, and it is sometimes difficult to recognize them at all. The importance attached to the tones and accents in Chinese poetry finds no place, it is true, in the composition of Japanese verse; but, as regards metre, rhyme, alliteration, and parallelism—of which some excellent specimens will be found in Mr. Aston's Japanese Grammar, second edition—the two schools are, to all intents and purposes, identical.

The existence of expressions known as "pillow words," "prefaces," and "pivots," affords Mr. Chamberlain another reason for believing in the originality of Japanese poetry. "The 'pillow words,'" says the author, "are meaningless expressions which are prefixed to other words merely for the sake of euphony"; and he declines to entertain the idea that so artificial a device can find any parallel in foreign literature. But its extreme conventionality suggests at once the impossibility of its having sprung into life with the first beginning of the national poetry unless it had its root elsewhere. Were it a modern development of a poetic conceit we might be inclined, at first sight, to admit the possibility of its being a Japanese creation; but the history of poetry forbids the idea of any such artificial excrescence finding a place in the composition of primitive poetry. If we turn, however, to the ancient poetry of the Chinese we find, as we should expect to be the case, the true history of this singular construction, at least as far as Japan is concerned, and a more conclusive proof of the foreign origin of Japanese poetry it is impossible to imagine.

In the sketch we have given of the vicissitudes undergone by the solitary text of the "Book of Odes" which existed in the fourth and fifth centuries of our era, it will readily be admitted that corruptions and inaccuracies might easily have crept into it. And, as a matter of fact, we find that at the period spoken of there were—as there are still—certain words prefixed to many of the verses which were declared by the native commentators to be only untranslatable initial sounds, inserted for the sake of euphony. For instance, we find in Ode 8, Book 1, Part I., the line "Poh yen ts'ai che," in which case the last two characters are alone to be rendered, and, among many others in Ode 8, Book 5, Part I., occurs the verse "Yuen yen szé poh," twice repeated; and in both cases we are told that "yuen yen" are untranslatable initial particles. Another line begins with "yen," which we are assured is to be treated in the same way, and altogether, what with initial, medial, and final particles, nine characters out of a total of sixty-four in this ode are declared to be meaningless. Such was the condition of the existing Chinese poetry when it was first brought to the knowledge of the Japanese, and how faithfully they copied it, even to its unintelligible portions, let the "pillow words," "prefaces," and "pivots" say. The "prefaces" are merely extensions of the "pillow words," and the "pivots" possibly find their prototypes in the "Peen'e tsze" of the Chinese poets.

But the existence of these untranslatable particles in primitive Chinese Odes is as unnatural as in early Japanese poetry, unless some explanation can be offered for their introduction. As far as we know at present, Chinese poetry is original, and they therefore cannot have been imported. The only other way of accounting for their presence is by supposing that in the several modifications through which the characters passed after the collection of the Odes, together with the uncertain readings of the text, corrupt words and passages crept in, owing either to the inaccuracy of copyists or to an inability to decipher the *ku* *win* character in which the Odes were in the first instance written. Or, again, it is possible that these expressions, which are called in Chinese *Fu shing*, "initial sounds," and in Japanese *Fu yu* (*okoshi kotoba*), "initial words," as well as "pillow words," were originally intended to be read phonetically, and that, with the lapse of time, the sounds having changed, their meanings have been lost, and that they now appear as the ghosts of their earlier living forms.

If additional evidence were needed of the very close connexion existing between the poetry of China and Japan, it might be found in the simultaneous ebb and flow in the poetic life of the two countries. The Chinese have a saying that poetry had its roots in the *She king*, that it came into foliage and budded during the Han and subsequent short dynasties (B.C. 206—A.D. 618), and that it blossomed and bore fruit during the T'ang dynasty (618-907). From this period there was a marked decline in the national poetry; and though in the beginning of the Sung dynasty there arose a few men such as Soo Shih, Go-yang Sew, and others to mark that the poetic fire was not quite extinct, the prevailing dearth of genius testified only too plainly that the golden age of poetry was past. In the same way, in Japan "the

sources of the lyric poetry suddenly dried up" at the commencement of the tenth century, as Mr. Chamberlain tells us; and the subsequent fortunes of the muse in both countries cannot be better described than in his own words. "Thenceforward," he writes, "instead of the heart-outpourings of the older poets, we find nothing but empty prettinesses and conceits, confined within the narrowest limits."

The same remark applies to the drama, which first reached a high pitch of excellence in China during the Yuen dynasty (A.D. 1280-1368), and which faded away at its close. During the greater part of this period the relations between the two countries were very disturbed; and it was not, therefore, until towards the end of the fourteenth century that the lyric drama arose in Japan. Mr. Chamberlain gives in his introduction a sketch of a Japanese theatre, and no one acquainted with the stage in China will doubt for a moment the identity of the two. The arrangements of the theatre, the dress of the actors, the conventional intonation they give to their utterances, the absence of scenery, and the consequent necessity imposed on the actors of describing their circumstances and condition when first "coming on," are points of similarity which cannot be merely incidental. The form and matter of the dramas themselves are also essentially Chinese, and, were it not for the names, a casual reader would find it difficult to say whether the plays given at the end of Mr. Chamberlain's volume had their origin in China or Japan.

Both in these plays, and in the poems in the earlier part of his volume, Mr. Chamberlain has faithfully reflected the meanings of the originals, and has clothed his translations in very readable English. But after what has been said, those who are acquainted with Dr. Legge's translation of the *She king*, and Sir John Davis's *Poetry of the Chinese*, will not expect to find any great play of the imagination in the *Classical Poetry of the Japanese*; at the same time there is in many of the pieces translated by Mr. Chamberlain a quaint prettiness which is not without attraction.

THE BLACK ROBE.*

MR. WILKIE COLLINS has little or no dramatic art, and yet he persists in giving a dramatic turn to his stories. He cannot be content with the ordinary modes of writing a novel. He neither avowedly tells his whole tale in his own words, nor gives it, as is so commonly done by other authors, in the words of either the hero or the heroine. On the contrary, he passes from one narrator to another as it pleases him; and, in utter defiance of all probability, makes any person that suits his convenience keep a diary or write letters at great length. If he had the power of throwing himself into each character, and of making each one speak with a certain air of naturalness, we do not know that we should have much to say against this mode of narration. It might be a little troublesome to the reader, and perhaps a little tiresome; but, on the other hand, there would be some pleasure gained in the study of the author's dramatic art. In Richardson's novels, for instance, no one for a moment complains of the number of writers whose letters, like so many rills, all swell-form, indeed, we should say—the great current of his story. On the contrary, perhaps we are more pleased by remarking the art with which the author passes so completely from one style to another than by anything else in the book. But there is none of this satisfaction to be had in studying Mr. Collins's stories. We do not know that he even makes the attempt to disguise himself. He tells his readers that now it is a major who, "with a due sense of responsibility," has written "a narrative of personal experience," and that now it is an English Jesuit priest who is sending the most minute details to the Head of his Order in Rome. At another time he makes one of the heroes keep a diary, and once or twice he avails himself of the private correspondence of a detective officer to carry on the tale. Then he jumps back into his own person, and for a while carries on the narrative himself. Nothing can well be more absurd than the style in which some of his characters write. The chief villain of the piece is a man after Mr. Newdegate's heart, or rather, we should say, a man strictly in accordance with Mr. Newdegate's imagination. He is a Jesuit priest, who weaves a cunning plot to recover for his Church a fine estate of which she was deprived in the reign of Henry VIII. He is in constant correspondence with "the Secretary, S. J. Rome." Nothing, it would seem, is too petty to interest that highly respectable Italian ecclesiastic. It is quite clear that he has not been exposed, as we have, to a long course of novel-reading; for we are quite convinced that, if he had, he would, at a very early stage, have packed off his correspondent to the interior of New Guinea, or to the furthest borders of Crim Tartary. Let Mr. Newdegate and his friends, who live in such constant terror of the machinations of the Order of Jesuits, take courage. None surely ought to be a cause of alarm who willingly either write or read such nonsense as the following. The priest, we may first observe, is narrating a conversation with the heroine's mother:—

"Are you tired, Matilda? No? Then give me another turn, there's a good creature. Movement, perpetual movement, is a law of nature. Oh, dear no, doctor; I didn't make that discovery for myself. Some eminent scientific person mentioned it in a lecture. The ugliest man I ever saw. Now back again, Matilda. Let me introduce you to my friends, Father

* *The Black Robe.* By Wilkie Collins. 3 vols. London: Chatto & Windus. 1881.

Benwell. Introducing is out of fashion, I know. But I am one of the few women who can resist the tyranny of fashion. I like introducing people. Sir John Drone—Father Benwell. Father Benwell—Dr. Wybrow. Ah, yes, you know the doctor by reputation? Shall I give you his character? Personally charming; professionally detestable. Pardon my impudence, doctor; it is one of the consequences of the overflowing state of my health. Another turn, Matilda—and a little faster this time. Oh, how I wish I was travelling by railway."

The story opens with what Mr. Colling calls two scenes. The former of these is headed "Boulogne-sur-Mer.—The Duel," and the latter "Vange Abbey.—The Forewarnings." The narrator is a Major Hynd, a friend of one of the heroes. Which of two men is the chief hero we are puzzled to decide. Mr. Romayne occupies much the greater space in the book. Moreover, he is the owner of Vange Abbey, has 18,000*l.* a year, kills a man in a duel, is tormented by a mysterious voice, is plotted against by the Jesuits, has dark violet-blue eyes, marries the heroine, and at last dies in a way to which justice could only be done on the boards of a strolling theatre. On the other hand, Mr. Winterfield is also the owner of a very pretty estate, and, to make up for his deficiencies in any other respect, he marries the heroine twice over. Moreover, he has that mark of the true hero that, when the curtain falls on him and her, it falls on a happy pair. It is not, however, till rather late in the day that he appears on the scene, and our present duty is with Mr. Romayne. This melancholy but most amiable gentleman is, when the story opens, summoned to Boulogne to attend on the deathbed of an aunt. He is accompanied by Major Hynd. There he falls in with a man whom he had known at Oxford, who invites him to dine with him at his boarding-house. The Major is included in the invitation, and the two men find that they have fallen among a set of swindlers. Romayne takes more champagne than is good for him, and is led on to play for high stakes. He discovers that he is being cheated by a French general. The General adds to his misconduct by spitting in his victim's face. The victim, as well became an Englishman, dealt the General a blow straight between his eyes. A challenge is given, and a duel arranged for the next morning. Fortunately, or unfortunately, the General has meanwhile a fit, but his place is taken by his elder son. Romayne refuses to fight a youth with whom he has no quarrel, but the young gentleman strikes him with his glove, and asks whether he must go on to spit at him. The end of course was, as has always been the case with every duel between an Englishman and a Frenchman, that, though our countryman was utterly inexperienced in the use of his weapon and his opponent was a practised shot, it was not he, but his adversary, who was killed. A dense fog had come over the combatants—so dense, indeed, that Romayne had shot the Frenchman without even knowing it. The surgeon, however, was heard calling for a light. But then "the silence gathered round" the two Englishmen again. "On a sudden it was broken, horribly broken, by another voice, strange to both of us, shrieking hysterically through the impenetrable mist. 'Where is he?' the voice cried, in the French language. 'Assassin! assassin! where are you?'" The two men, without giving an answer, soon afterwards take the steamer to England. Among the passengers was the heroine, who falls in love with Romayne at first sight. He, however, does not take any notice of her, but with a wild look of terror stares into the engine-room. She, with the utmost readiness, interrupts the Major as he was leaning over the bulwarks, and sends him to his aid. The unhappy hero had again heard the voice crying out, "Assassin! assassin!" though his friend could distinguish nothing but the thump of the engines. The two men went down to Vange Abbey, but even there the voice kept up the pursuit. The old butler was in blank amazement at the disorder in his master's look, but does all that an old butler can do under such trying circumstances. This voice throughout remains somewhat of a mystery. Later on in the story we learn that the General's younger son was a lunatic. He it was who had suddenly appeared on the scene of the duel, and had given Romayne his first scare by screaming out when he saw his brother fall. If we understand the story aright, he was hidden away on the steamer, perhaps in the disguise of a stoker, and there had given the hero his second scare. He had, we believe, also made his way to the Abbey. But the matter seems to be left as a mystery, and perhaps something was due to Romayne's diseased imagination. Nevertheless, this young lunatic plays a very important part in the story, and by his theft of certain documents greatly advances the plot of the Jesuit. We have not had, we must confess, the patience to track the boy in his wanderings, for the gross and ridiculous improbabilities of this part of the book were more than we could easily support. At last he fortunately has an attack of typhus-fever, by which he recovers his wits but loses his life. The reader has been so worried by him that he hears of his death not only with the utmost composure, but even with thankfulness.

In fact, the confusion caused by the Jesuit and the lunatic is so great that we had hardly patience left even for the love-making, and yet patience was needed, for of love-making there is a great deal. For while the priest has his plot to convert the hero, to keep him single, and to make him restore all his lands to the Church of Rome; a nobleman and his wife have, in their turn, their plot to marry him off as speedily as they can, and to keep him a respectable, virtuous, and happy member of society. By a remarkable coincidence, it comes about that the lady whom they had in their minds selected as his wife was the charming young person who had crossed over with him in the steamer, and had noticed him staring wildly into the engine-room. We ought, by the way, to

have stated before this, so as to remove, at all events, one improbability from the book, that the passage had been calm. She, charming and admirable though she was, did not in the least hesitate about taking her share in the plot. So readily, in fact, does she go to work, that "at a brilliant assemblage of guests" in the nobleman's house, where "titled and celebrated personages" were gathered together, she took advantage of a recess in a conservatory to give him a kiss, even before he had thought of asking for one. He cannot even be said as yet to have made love to her; but the old order of things is rapidly passing away, and no doubt she was acting strictly within the rights of women. A marriage is soon arranged and brought about, and for a time the young couple are very happy. The priest is not, however, thus to be cheated of his prey. He discovers that to the heroine some mystery attaches, and that it was a mystery connected with Mr. Winterfield, the other hero. He employs a detective, and soon gets on the right clue. He sows distrust between the newly-married pair, and before long he convinces Romayne that he is not a married man, as he had married, so he maintained, a woman who was already another man's wife. The unhappy lover with all promptitude becomes a convert to Rome, is in due time ordained a priest, and makes a will in which he leaves Vange Abbey to the Church. So famous does he become for his zeal and his eloquence, that it seemed not unlikely that he should die a Cardinal. But a Jesuit-plotter, however clever he may be, is never a match for the last half of the third volume of a novel. There he is sure to be tripped up. The mystery is at last solved, the conspiracy is discovered, and the penitent convert has just time to hand over his will to his youthful son and heir, as the child was amusing himself with making a blaze on the hearth. The Jesuit springs forward to save it from the fire, but he is grasped by the throat by the second hero, who fortunately happened to be on the scene. The will is burnt, the father makes a highly picturesque end, in spite of "the baffled Jesuit, who turned furiously on the dying man," and then frowned darkly. Nothing is left for the author but to leave a decent time for mourning, and, when that has gone by, to marry the heroine a second time to the second hero. The Jesuit, it will be seen, had some grounds for his assertions; but he had forgotten to add that at the time of the first of the heroine's three marriages the second hero had himself a wife living. As Mr. Winterfield was a most exemplary gentleman, we will not leave him with even the suspicion of a stain on his character. We hasten to add, therefore, by way of conclusion, that he had not married for the second time till he was firmly convinced, and on very good evidence too, that he was a widower.

THE ROMAN POETS OF THE REPUBLIC.*

THIS book is a second edition, but it is a second edition which has more novelty about it than many first editions. In the first place, Professor Sellar's original work on the Roman poets of the Republic has been long out of print. Some twenty years have passed since readers, just emerging from the state in which the study of the classics is a mere task imposed by masters and pastors, found in it a delightful introduction to that study as an exercise in literature. The present issue, therefore, addresses itself to an entirely new audience. Moreover, since the appearance of Professor Sellar's book, the two greatest poets whom he discusses have been the subject of critical studies from the purely philological point of view which have made them much more popular with English students. Mr. Munro's work on Lucretius, and the work of the same scholar and of Mr. Robinson Ellis on Catullus, are contributions from the two great Universities, which deserve to be completed by a treatment of the same subjects, which should take their mainly scholarly labour into consideration, and should deal with their subjects from the point of view of literature. Some sixteen or seventeen years ago, when Mr. Munro's *Lucretius* had not yet made the greatest of Roman poets a favourite study, it happened sometimes that an Oxford undergraduate who had taken up that author for "Mods" would receive a "written paper," the absence of competitors making it not worth while to print the questions. This would hardly be likely to occur now, and the *raison d'être* of Professor Sellar's reprint is all the more cogent. There is, moreover, something to guard against as well as something to supply. Roman literature, like most other literatures, has received its share of the *ventosa et enormis loquacitas* which nowadays too often mistakes itself for critical insight. Lucretius and Catullus are particularly tempting to "precious" critics, and they have not escaped their attentions. Here, again, the work of Professor Sellar is particularly welcome. Although thoroughly appreciative, he is never gushing; he never indulges in the false analogies and tinselled frippery of ornament which too often pass muster nowadays for criticism. In short, his book, both as we remember it nearly twenty years ago and as we have it before us to-day, holds a remarkable mean between merely philological prelection, the product of somewhat barren and often tasteless science, and merely literary babbling, the product of facile and equally tasteless art. Unfortunately, we have not many representatives of this kind of scholarship nowadays, and it is all the more to be desired that such as we have should keep themselves *en évidence*.

* *The Roman Poets of the Republic.* By W. Y. Sellar. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1881.

The greater part of what has been just said would apply to the first nearly as well as to the second edition, but they are in truth very different books. In the first, owing to a reticence which we remember wondering at, Roman comedy, despite the important position it holds in the scanty literary baggage of pra-Augustan literature, had no place. In the present volume, Plautus and Terence have each a chapter, and the first is an excellent example of criticism. There are persons who talk as if Ritschl had invented Plautus—a curious example of the odd attitude of certain forms of modern scholarship. No one who, with a sufficient knowledge of Latin and a sufficient appetite for literature, has ever studied the Umbrian poet, in no matter what edition, can have failed to see that he gives us one of the most genuine types, if not the most genuine type of pure Italian letters, affected, indeed, in form by Greek models and teaching, but hardly at all affected in spirit. Professor Sellar has given to Plautus in this new edition an essay of fifty pages, which we do not hesitate to say is the best thing of the kind in English. It is necessarily written to a certain extent in shorthand, and the treatment of the characteristics of individual plays, especially in comparison with the subsequent handling of the same subjects by later dramatists, is somewhat stinted. For instance, the extremely interesting study of the three Amphitryons—Plautus's, Molière's, and Dryden's—is omitted. But this is a matter of course, unless Professor Sellar had expanded his one volume into two or three. The exposition of the chief types of character which Plautus employs, and which, unlike those of Terence, are by no means the mere cut-and-dried personages of a *Commedia dell' Arte*, is excellently given, and the chief exemplifications of them in the different plays are happily touched off. In dealing with Terence it may, perhaps, seem to some readers that Professor Sellar has accepted the definition "dimidiate Menander" too completely, and has not devoted quite sufficient space to the admitted excellences of his style and diction. For our part, however, the subordination of the minor poet to his greater rival has nothing that we feel inclined to quarrel with. The fuller account now given of the unsatisfactory, because utterly fragmentary, work of Lucilius is welcome, and the alterations introduced into some of the general chapters bear witness to the pains with which Professor Sellar has kept abreast of the various studies of his contemporaries in his subject.

After all, however, any study of Roman poetry before the Augustan age must always consist mainly of a discussion of the greatest didactic and the greatest lyrical poet of Rome. Of Ennius—stimulating as he seems to have been to his countrymen, and felicitous as are some of his fragments—it is hardly unfair to vary the joke about Provengal epic by saying that he has *le défaut d'être perdu* and several other defects besides. Lucilius, though more of him is in evidence, is in much the same case; all the other non-dramatic, and most of the dramatic, poets are in worse case; the dramatists themselves are only half poetical, and one of them is profoundly un-Roman. But in Lucretius and Catullus most students of literature have been long convinced that they possess the finest example of purely Roman and the most exquisite example of general Italian culture. Both, like their compatriots in general, adopted foreign forms and dealt with partly exotic subjects, but both have left in their work a profound savour of the soil. Professor Sellar has given in this revised edition of his book a hundred and twenty pages to the author of the *De Rerum Natura*, and about half that space to Catullus. The management of Lucretius is always rather a difficult matter. Most writers devote themselves chiefly to his subject, and struggle to acquaint the reader with the history and purport of the atomic theory and of epicureanism. Professor Sellar has not neglected this; but he has, as we think, quite rightly given it a comparatively subordinate place. It is idle to pretend that Lucretius is to us important first as a philosopher. He is important as a Roman man of letters, and anything which tends to obscure this is to be regretted. We do not wholly agree with Professor Sellar's view of the poet, who perhaps most of all poets fixes his grasp on the reader who has once allowed that grasp to be planted. His idea of Lucretius as a calm observer, one who from a deliberate distaste to the life of action and social pleasure deliberately chose the life of contemplation, is not, we must confess, our own. Nor can we think that the famous passages of the Third and Fourth Book show merely that he had been a witness of "the conditions of life under which the follies of the *jeunesse dorée* and of sated luxury had been engendered." The accent of regret and of individual satiety seems to us a great deal too strong for any such belief as this. Nor should we be disposed to make quite so many concessions as Professor Sellar has made to the Devil's Advocate in respect of the general conception of the poem. But these are matters of individual taste, and it must be admitted that, as in the case of some few other poets, there is a kind of "ivresse de Lucrèce," which, when one has once been infected by it to a considerable extent, disables the critical judgment. The Hexameters of Lucretius have more than any other verses with which we are acquainted, except some choric verse in *Eschylus*, the same effect as the Alexandrines of Victor Hugo. But the separate portions of the poet's power are admirably treated by Professor Sellar. The fervent enthusiasm pervading the book, the strong throbbing pulse of the verse, the power over mere language, the "gathering intensity of movement," to quote a happy phrase of the Professor's, the freshness of feeling for nature, the sense of the vague and vast, the imaginativeness of analogy, the vivid pictures of outward scenes which make Lucretius at once one

of the most modern and one of the most classical of poets, all receive from Professor Sellar paragraphs of indication which, if, as we have noticed, they are free from "intensity" and "preciousness," have for that very reason an academic sobriety and grace which is refreshing enough. No one, perhaps, of Lucretius's many critics has seized the mixture of depth of feeling with grave irony of expression which make him fully deserving of the title of humourist as well as that of poet better than Professor Sellar.

In dealing with Catullus the critic has an easier task. The slight bulk of the exquisite contribution made by the Veronese singer to the poetry of the world, and its freedom from tedious didactics or obscure philosophical stumbling-blocks, are no small advantages possessed by the younger over the older friend of Memmius. The running comment which Professor Sellar gives on most of the poems is very good; and he has duly condescended to the fancy for personal and intimate details in trying, with the assistance of his forerunners, to make something of a regular *Elle et Lui* romance out of the Lesbia poems. That he has sometimes used Sir Theodore Martin's version is another excusable condescension. Whether, as some have said in their haste, all poets are untranslatable, is a point upon which we shall not take upon ourselves to decide; but it is pretty certain that Catullus is. To a sculptural felicity of expression, not inferior to that of the best Greek epigram writers, he adds a passion and a picturesque faculty which they rarely possessed. But he is a smaller phenomenon than Lucretius, if also a more exquisite one; and Professor Sellar has succeeded in doing him justice in the comparatively restricted space which he has allowed for the doing. Whether the parallel which Professor Sellar, following Mr. Munro and an anonymous writer in the *North British Review*, institutes between Catullus and Burns be sustainable we shall not pause to consider. There is certainly more in it than the average Englishman, to whom the dialect of Burns is as ashes between the teeth, may feel disposed to allow. But the terms in which Professor Sellar himself formulates the contrast make, at least, an admirable portrait of the elder poet:—"In the passionate ardour of their temperament, and the robustness, too closely allied with coarseness, of their fibre; in their susceptibility to beautiful and tender emotions, and the mobility of nature with which they yielded to impulses the most opposite to these; in their large capacity of love, and scorn of pleasure and pain; in their genuine sincerity, and firm hold on real life; in the keenness of their satire, and their shrewd observation of the world around them; in their simple and direct force of feeling and expression; in the freshness of their love for the fairer objects in nature with which they were most familiar, they have much in common."

This is excellent criticism excellently expressed, and the book in which it appears, and which contains much more of the same stamp, ought to guide not a few of the present generation of students, as its predecessor guided not a few of a former one, in the path of really literary study of a delightful chapter of literary history.

CUNNINGHAM'S CHURCHES OF ASIA.*

WE imagined from Mr. Cunningham's title that his book would turn out to be a new commentary upon the first three chapters of the Apocalypse. The author of the excellent *Dissertation on the Epistle of St. Barnabas* might fitly have chosen such a subject, and he would have treated it with ability and freshness. But we are agreeably disappointed. His work is the *Kaye Essay* for 1879. It is an ingenuous attempt to account for the Church as it is by tracing the Christian "idea working itself," to use the author's own words, "in the planting of the Church." Mr. Cunningham is far more anxious that we should pay due regard to his method than to his conclusions. It is for the former that he chiefly values his book, for it is evident that he does value it, modestly as he speaks of its execution. His conclusions are those of an orthodox Anglican clergyman of our generation. The method by which he has arrived at them, and with which he seeks to lead up his readers to them, could only have been acquired by one who had sat for a time both in the school of Hegel and in the school of Baur, but with an evident preference for the former. To a certain extent Mr. Cunningham may claim to have "spoiled the Egyptians"; in any case he seems to have the mind to spoil them.

The author holds that it is the first task of the historical student, provided that he believes there is a law at work beneath history, to detect and delineate "the force which was mainly operative" in the period which he is studying; next, he has to "exhibit it in conflict with other influences"; and, lastly, to "trace out the results of the struggle." This is Mr. Cunningham's position. That which he here describes as "the force" appears afterwards as the "effective idea" of a special epoch. The students of that epoch will first notice this effective idea "as a conviction or aspiration impressing many minds; they will find it also expressing itself in the sayings and doings of multitudes of men, and at length embodying itself in the institutions of society." The italics are Mr. Cunningham's, and the italicized phrases represent the successive steps of his method. "I have tried to delineate," he says, "as clearly as possible, from contemporary evidence, the conviction which impressed all Christian minds; I

* *The Churches of Asia*. By William Cunningham, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co. 1880.

have described the conflicts which ensued when it began to express itself and make itself felt as an effective force in the world; I have sketched the actual institutions which grew up under its influence; and thus I have endeavoured to trace the Christian 'idea working itself out' in the planting of the Church." The substance of Mr. Cunningham's book is composed of three divisions exactly corresponding to the three steps thus indicated—the conception of the Christian society current in Asia at the beginning of the second century; the conflict with non-Christian influences; and the nature of the Christian institutions as reflected in the Marcionite, Montanist, and Quarto-decimian controversies. These larger sections, in which Mr. Cunningham applies his method, are preceded by an introduction on the standpoint, plan, and sources of his investigation, and they are followed by an appendix of extracts from St. Clement of Rome, St. Ignatius, the Shepherd of Hermas, Justin Martyr, and the Apostolical Constitutions, as "illustrative of Christian life during the second century."

We have kept as closely as was practicable to Mr. Cunningham's own words in giving a summary of the aim and contents of his book. It would probably strike a bystander who was overlooking a group of Hegelian students during their employment of this method upon a particular epoch of history, that each student was by no means certain to discover one and the same "force," or one and the same "effective idea" impressing many, expressing itself by multitudes, and socially embodying itself in the institutions of that epoch. Each student might feel convinced that he had quite stripped himself of prejudice, but he could not jump away from his own shadow. The history of many things may be said to begin with the beginning of the history of the Church, and it is also a critical epoch in the history of many more things. Each student of such an epoch will be almost sure to find in its documents and its characters the confirmation of the theory with which he was already more or less consciously possessed when he began his study, which he honestly regards as a strictly scientific investigation. Hence, in spite of the Hegelian shield which Mr. Cunningham opposes to one of Baur's arrows, we cannot help thinking that Baur is right when he demands that we should "place before ourselves the materials given in the history, as they are objectively, and not otherwise." The historical student of Rationalism, or of Culture, or of Humanity, or of Sociology, or of Morals, or of any other defined subject, who takes the second century as his epoch, will probably not detect the "force" or "effective idea" exactly where Mr. Cunningham has detected it. Two writers, each equally bent upon strictly scientific investigation of the documents, sit down to write the history of the Reformation. One regards it as a daring break with the outward authority of the Pope, the other as a return to the outward authority of the Bible. One detects in the theses of Luther, and in all the documents and persons, Rationalism in germ; the other detects in the same documents the "force" or "effective idea" of all the subsequent social institutions of Puritanism and Methodism, which are the very antithesis to Rationalism. Both may be right; but it is the comparatively "objective" historical student who is most likely to discern where each is right and also where each is wrong. The Tübingen school demands in the historical student not merely "strictly scientific investigation," but scientific *Objektivität* and *Tendenzlosigkeit*, and this latter is the equivalent to Mr. Herbert Spencer's desired freedom from "bias." We believe that this latter sort of freedom is only conditionally possible in any human creature who is employed upon the study of men, and who hopes to influence opinion. A negative bias is as operative as a positive bias, and a student of the documents of the second century who does not accept the Nicene Creed is as likely to show that he is not gifted with *Tendenzlosigkeit* as one who accepts that Creed. We doubt if a purely objective and unbiased student would have the heart to go very deeply into the social study of men. He loses some of his objectivity by thinking of the persons for whom his book is intended. He can only hope to be, as we have already hinted, a comparatively "objective" investigator. We think that Mr. Cunningham's bias is manifested early in his essay; but we do him no more than justice when we say that few recent English writers on Church history have so good a claim as he has to be accredited with the attainment of a comparative "objectivity."

Mr. Cunningham precedes the demonstration of his own method with a short delineation of the method of three characteristic ecclesiastical historians—Baur, Neander, and Baronius. It is curious that a similar process, elaborated at far greater length, was attempted nearly half a century ago in the late Mr. Maurice's *Kingdom of Christ: or, Hints on the Principles, Ordinances, and Constitution of the Catholic Church, in Letters to a Member of the Society of Friends*. Mosheim, Neander, and Milner were there treated as the three types of the ecclesiastical historian with a wrong method. Maurice showed that there was a radical defect in each of the three methods—the Liberal, Spiritual, and Evangelical, as he called them—and thereupon proceeded, as Mr. Cunningham now does, to unfold his own method. Mr. Cunningham's curt condemnation of Baur's theory reads very much like a reminiscence of Mr. Maurice's more elaborate condemnation of Mosheim's theory. The similarity is still more remarkable between Mr. Cunningham's short section and Mr. Maurice's long section upon Neander's historical method. "Neander affirms," said Mr. Maurice, "that Christianity is a principle of new or spiritual life, the operation of which is simply in and upon the heart of the individual man. Every outward and visible institution is only something adopted as a

necessary means of giving the principle efficiency in a world which does not recognize it. Some form these institutions must have; but the moment they depart from that form, which is a mere confession that they were adopted as a device to meet an evil and imperfect state of things, the moment they attempt to explain the idea and principles of Christianity, that moment they are to be denounced as the indications of the growth of a corrupt and evil spirit." We cannot quote the whole of Mr. Cunningham's section upon the method of Neander; but a few sentences from it will prove that its writer had studied a teacher whom so many use, but whom so few quote. "Some sort of conception of the Christian Church," says Mr. Cunningham, "underlies Neander's description of its growth. The Apostles are regarded as missionaries who converted a large number of individuals; each of these individuals had a firm faith in his heart. It almost seems as if Neander believed that each step that was taken in organizing the Christian society was a departure from the purer life of the past. He writes as if he believed in the fortuitousness of the development of the various Christian institutions, and looked upon them as evils which were necessitated by the corruptions that overtook the primitive purity of Christian life." The words may differ, but the thought is substantially the same, and when Mr. Cunningham goes on to the construction of the positive part of his work, we are continually struck with its material likeness, in spite of superficial and formal differences, to the methods expounded by Mr. Maurice. Mr. Cunningham, to use the words of the latter, "connects Christianity with Judaism, and exhibits it as the expansion of the Jewish idea." He undoubtedly brings to his exposition a familiarity with modern German theologians and critics to which Mr. Maurice laid no claim; though we must say that the author's references to some of them—as, for instance, to Rothe, whose *Anfänge* is too little known to Anglican students—presume too much upon the knowledge of his readers. The "force" and "effective idea" which Mr. Cunningham detects and delineates is the hope of Israel, the Messianic setting-up of the Kingdom of God in this world. The first Church was a Christian Synagogue. Jerusalem was the divinely-appointed centre of the Church, and for a certain period was acknowledged as such by the Christian totality, and the head of the Church in Jerusalem was the vicegerent of Christ. His position is substantially the same, up to a certain point, as that which has been laid down by the learned Rabbi of Breslau, Dr. M. Joel, in his recently published *Blüte in die Religionsgeschichte zu Anfang des zweiten christlichen Jahrhunderts*. Dr. Joel regards Christianity as the "Verwirklichung" (as Mr. Cunningham's "idea working itself out") of the Jewish Messianic hope. In its origin, he says, Christendom was Jewish—national and anti-Gentile. Jews and Christians regarded each other, not as enemies, but as friends; they both clearly recognized a common enemy in St. Paul—an assertion true only of the Judaic Christians. Trajan permitted the rebuilding of the Temple; but its hindrance, says Dr. Joel, was a question of life and death for "the anti-national Christians"—that is to say, for the Catholics, who had already attained to the perception that the kingdom of the Messiah was intentionally as wide as humanity is, and that it was meant to embrace "all nations" and "every creature." It is only from the narrow Jewish point of view that the followers of St. Paul would be called "anti-national" Christians. St. Paul is distinctly "the Apostle of the Nations." He perceived that the actual and existing constitution of the world into nations and organized neighbourhoods was as truly the product of the Divine Will as the Church itself was, and that it was the duty and business of the Church to conform herself and her institutions to the pre-existing order prepared for her by the all-disposing providence of the King of heaven and earth. Dr. Joel contends that the enmity of the Jews against Christianity, and their prohibition of the Greek language, date from the opposition of the "anti-national" or Pauline Christians (whom we "Gentiles" should rather call the national Christians, the Catholics) to the rebuilding of the Jewish Temple. St. Paul's whole life, in its relation to the Church, was a struggle for all time on behalf of the principle of nationality—but of every nationality, whether then manifest or only dormant—against the principle of ultramontanism or ecclesiastical internationalism. What Rome later assumed to be, Jerusalem was represented as being by the Judaic Christians in St. Paul's lifetime. The Church of Jerusalem was the apostolic see; the vice-regal throne was planted in it; she was the mother and mistress of churches; she was definitely "the Church," and every man, Jew or Greek, became by baptism a member of the Church of Jerusalem, a spiritual subject of St. James.

Mr. Cunningham has a clear sight of these facts, although he states them in a very different form, being all along held in some bondage by his determination to get rid of the word "Church" with all its modern associations in order to render his investigation strictly scientific. We have spoken of the actual world as constituted of nations and organized neighbourhoods—cities, villages, communes, or parishes. But when the Church first appeared in the world, when an "Apostle of the Nations" was sent out, the huge Roman internationalism had apparently obliterated all nations. They were existing, but dormant. St. Paul spoke of them as existing in his sermon at Athens; his Epistle to the Church of Rome, significantly enough, is full of references to their existence. "Nations" is one of the most characteristic words of the apostle, though his *ἔθνη* is but rarely translated in our version as "nations," and over and over again as "Gentiles." The other element of the organic

humanity in the midst of which the Church appeared, local civil polity, was in vigorous and active life. Hence, in place of the national organization of the Catholic Church, which is now opposed to its Roman ultramontanist centralization, a civic organization of the Catholic Church was in the second century opposed to its Jewish ultramontanist centralization. Mr. Cunningham brings out this fact in his own way by tracing how the Christian brotherhood in the Greek cities of Asia, contemporary with the existence of the viceregal episcopate in Jerusalem, by the "working out of the Christian idea" became "that which the Greeks had striven to realize—a federation of free democracies. The Church in each city was self-disciplining, possessing authority over its officers, and worshipping and communicating with other Churches as a unit; yet the Church throughout the world was after all one, and it were well that each city should interest itself in and care for the needs of all the federation." There is not a page in Mr. Cunningham's work which does not show the results of conscientious thought and study; it merits to be widely read; but perhaps its most valuable characteristic is the rare clearness of the author's perception that the Church is an organism and not a mechanism.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

MR. DORMAN'S work (1) is, we fear, likely to receive less attention, or, at any rate, less favour, than it deserves from the dominant school of comparative mythologists. Dealing only with the aboriginal superstitions of North America, and here and there, at somewhat less length, with those of the Southern continent, he derives from this limited but detailed study conclusions by no means in accord with the fashionable theories of the day. According to his views, and to much of the evidence, such as it is, which he has collected, not only are the Indian heroes not solar avatars, or representatives of the sun, but, where the sun or other heavenly body is worshipped, it is because some Indian chief translated to heaven is supposed to have been converted into the sun, moon, or morning star, or to inhabit the luminary in question. We cannot say that we incline to look on this counter theory as by any means proven. The evidence is much less obvious than the bias of the writer, whose disposition to trace all idolatry, and nearly all supernaturalism, to ancestor-worship is applied with no greater discrimination, and with much less of ingenious demonstration, than the solar-key of Mr. Müller, Sir George Cox, and other comparative mythologists on this side of the Atlantic. There are, without question, Indian and Esquimaux myths which have been invented to account for celestial phenomena and attached to human and terrestrial agents; and, where this has been done, even if the hero's name be identical with that of some famed Hercules or Achilles of the Far West, it is not the less evident that the origin of the myth is astronomical, and its connexion with an historical or traditional name purely accidental or poetical. Among the more civilized tribes of Central and Southern America, the favourite objects of popular adoration are what Mr. Dorman calls culture heroes, personages occupying in tradition every kind of situation, from that of Ceres to that of Solon. Some of them are certainly in character, if not in origin, divine; incarnations of natural or supernatural power, even if their names have an actual place in the history of the nation. Others are almost as certainly real personages, invested with many mythical attributes. It is difficult to conceive, for example, the founder of the Peruvian dynasty as a real human being; the solar genesis of the Incas seeming as distinctly a form of monarch worship as the similar relationship assigned to the Pharaohs. On the other hand, those who have studied most thoroughly the traditions and historical inscriptions of Mexico concur in regarding many of the principal objects of Mexican adoration as distinct historical characters; as representing in some memorable instances an actual and prolonged conflict between the ferocious barbarism of the national religion and a softer, less warlike, and probably higher civilization from which the atrocity of human sacrifice was altogether excluded, a conflict which may represent an individual effort at reform, but somewhat more probably a conflict between the hereditary ideas of different races combined under a single rule. The superstitions of the North American Indians are much less interesting, and their character, as well as their interpretation, rests on much less satisfactory evidences. They have no records; their pictorial representations are barbarous in the extreme, delineations of human or semi-human figures as utterly regardless of truth as the first drawings of a child, and made even worse than these by the introduction of a conventionalism which dispenses with even such attempts to represent reality to the eyes of others as a child of average intelligence would be sure to make. In truth, what we know of the ideas respecting a superior Power and a future life cherished among the hunting tribes of the North, we know only through missionaries or Puritan settlers. The former strove to see in every native superstition some trace of a primeval religion akin to Judaism, if not to Christianity, and often imported ideas, evidently of their own origination, into the speech and possibly into the thoughts of those with whom they conversed. The Puritans who settled New England, and first came into extensive collision with the aborigines, represented

all that was most savage and barbarous in the English temper, all that was most unchristian in the Protestant Christianity of their age. It was their aim to represent and to regard as worshippers of the Devil those whom they desired to rob and murder. It is impossible to read even a few pages of their writings on this or any other subject without detecting in them a tendency to believe much more firmly in the Evil Principle than in the Deity they professed to worship—a firm belief that they, the few thousands who professed their hard and hateful faith, were the only objects of Divine care, and that they were rendering good service to their God as well as to themselves in butchering those whom it therefore suited them to accuse of every kind of spiritual abomination. It is partly to the poets and novelists of a later age, partly to the better faith and better feeling of the Jesuit missionaries, that we owe the current ideas of the fundamental beliefs of the Indian tribes; and it is noteworthy that Mr. Dorman does his best to minimize our supposed knowledge and to revive the Puritan conception of Indian worship. The idea of the Great Spirit could not have come from a race or a Church like that of New England; it is a far higher idea than any Puritan was capable of entertaining. The Indian Manitou is so incomparably superior to the God of Cotton Mather that it is impossible to derive the former from the latter. And the Indian ideas of sorcery may have been largely modified by Puritanic or negro importations; they bear, at any rate, a striking resemblance in certain points both to Puritan and to African superstitions. It is hardly possible to doubt that Mr. Dorman tends to exaggerate the absurdity and extravagance of native credulities. The races who could be hampered by such ridiculous and inconvenient follies, could hardly have become the resolute, daring, persevering hunters and warriors we know them to have been. In truth, Mr. Dorman seems to have gathered much of his Indian mythology from the existing remnants of those tribes degraded by white cruelty and tyranny, and infected by superstitions that had, and must have had, their origin in a false civilization, not in a natural barbarism.

Mr. Powell's *Introduction to the Study of the Indian Languages* (2) is really an elaborate, scientific, or metaphysical treatise on the structure of these languages, a contribution to comparative grammar rather than a real guide to the actual tongues spoken by the few remnants of the races that once possessed the vast territory of the United States. These languages, indeed, are so fluid, so liable to change their form from time to time, that a permanent vocabulary, or even grammar, might be somewhat difficult to construct, and when constructed, might not last long in use. As Mr. Powell observes, the root-words, which seem seldom to be used independently, are all that have a distinct representation, an available synonym, whereby they can be translated into English or any other European tongue. The combinations by which these root-words are made to express a multitude of distinct ideas may vary from time to time among different races, among different tribes of the same family, or even between different generations of the same tribe. For instance, the numerals may be expressed by a variety of different combinations, referring to the fingers and toes in various positions or to the actual numbers whereof the particular number may be composed. A single Indian word, or what passed for a single word, may convey a great multitude of ideas, and may seem, therefore, to exhibit the comparative simplicity of the language. What it really proves is its extreme complexity and inconvenience in use, since of the ideas expressed one half may be practically irrelevant or indifferent, as, for example, the gender of the agent and of the object, the animate or inanimate character of either, and so forth. Yet the nature and structure of the language requires that each of these irrelevant facts shall be implied in the form of the sentence or agglutinated word. On the system of Indian kinships, too, Mr. Powell has a good deal to tell us, and there are facts related in his book which confirm to a certain extent the views of Mr. Dorman, showing a curious relation between some of the most peculiar of African superstitions and those which are at any rate at the present day current among the remains of a race that seems to have little or no possible connexion with any of the native tribes of that distant continent.

Ploughed Under (3) is another work dealing with the aboriginal American; the story, in the form of fiction, not of any one Indian chief, but of the fate of the surviving Indian tribes during the last fifty years. What that fate has been we have seen in other works, some of them very recent, that it has been our duty to notice; and the task is so painful, and its effect upon English feeling towards the executioners of the unhappy victims of American aggression so unpleasant, that we do not care to enter again upon such a topic. Enough to say that *Ploughed Under* tells a true story, and certainly does not exaggerate it. It would be impossible to exaggerate the story of the white man's treachery, cruelty, lawless, merciless savagery towards the so-called savages of the United States, because if the simple truth is told, it is impossible, or almost impossible, to obtain credence for it. That such cowardly atrocities, such deliberate breaches of faith, such outrages on humanity, should have been perpetrated by our own near

(1) *The Origin of Primitive Superstitions, and their Development into the Worship of Spirits and the Doctrine of Spiritual Agency among the Aborigines of America*. By Rushon M. Dorman. Illustrated. Philadelphia and London: Lippincott & Co. 1881.

(2) *Introduction to the Study of Indian Languages; with Words, Phrases, and Sentences to be collected*. By J. W. Powell. Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(3) *Ploughed Under: the Story of an Indian Chief, told by Himself*. With an Introduction, by Iushta Theamba (Bright Eyes). New York: Fords, Howard, & Hulbert. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

kindred and sanctioned by a Government which claims to stand in the first rank among the civilized Powers of the world, seems utterly incredible. We feel like Campbell's cherubs, that "we have got among a pack of fiends and not of mortals." From the first landing of the Pilgrim Fathers to the present hour the story is one continuous record of wanton ferocity and unprovoked aggression, of broken treaties, of persevering, consistent, utterly merciless persecution.

The Financial Report of the Secretary of the Treasury for the year 1880 (4) contains many interesting and important facts, but few so generally interesting to English readers as to find a fitting place in purely literary notices. Perhaps that part of the Report which will most attract the notice of the English public is that which deals with the attempt to coin a fixed quantity of silver dollars under a recent Act of Congress. One half of these, it seems, remain permanently in the Treasury; what are forced into circulation speedily return in exchange for paper which can be exchanged for gold. And this for the simple reason that Congress has ordered the silver dollar to be coined on an assumption notoriously false. Its weight and fineness are fixed on the assumption that sixteen ounces of silver are worth an ounce of standard gold, whereas the real equation is 1 to 17.5. So long, therefore, as convertible paper can be obtained at the rate of 16 for 1 and exchanged for gold worth 17.5, the silver coin inevitably returns to the Treasury. Should this exchangeableness be done away, the only result, as the Secretary points out, would be the demonetization of gold, since no one would pay 17.5 dollars in gold where the value of sixteen gold dollars in silver would be a legal quittance of his debt.

Mr. Bascom's treatise on the *Science of Mind* (5) is as drily and tediously technical as other metaphysical works to those who consider metaphysics as in the main a science of merely verbal distinction, and where it deals with apparent realities, dealing with facts of consciousness respecting which every second man's consciousness contradicts his neighbour's. For those who believe in metaphysics as a real science it will probably have the attraction of comparative, if not actual, novelty; some, at least, of the author's views being apparently in closer accord with those of a former generation than with the stricter and more materialistic doctrines at present chiefly in vogue.

The *Student's Dream* (6) is a declamation or rhapsody—we can give it no more complimentary name—upon one or two of the knottiest problems of the border-ground between metaphysics and theology. It can hardly enlighten anybody, and we can hardly understand with what purpose it has been written and published. It is neither prose nor poetry; neither practical philosophy nor palpable and intelligible caricature.

Miss Mary D. Brine publishes her poems (7) in a volume so elaborately printed and got up that it requires a pasteboard box to keep it in condition. It would be a very suitable ornament to the toilet table of a lady of literary tastes, especially if she did not run any risk of soiling the ample margins, or wasting time and attention that might be more appropriately given to her own hair and colour, by any needless study of the text. Apparently the author has justly estimated the value of the latter, and has determined to give her readers something for their money. This may seem severe. The reader who opens the book at a venture will not read a dozen lines aloud without being fully satisfied that we are not only just, but merciful. The name of E. Foxton is unknown to us, though a claim to the authorship of three previous works is attached to it. It may be that of a lady or a gentleman, a leisurely littérateur, or one whose verses are the amusement of a busy life. At any rate, *The Chapel* (8) was worth writing, and is worth reading by those who have plenty of time and not very much to do with it. The verse is fair, the thought is generally grave and good; neither is striking or memorable.

Perhaps Mr. Murrey's collection of valuable cooking receipts (9) is at least as valuable as any other of the volumes on our present list; but, like some of the rest, it is hardly literature. The author's experience may serve as a voucher for the correctness of his recommendations, and the probability that they will please those to whose taste the cookery of American hotels and restaurants is suited. We must beg our readers not to interpret the latter phrase as if we had spoken of the like institutions in this country. There are tastes, and tastes entitled to some degree of respect, to which the cookery of the higher class of hotels—at least in the Northern States—seems worthy of more attention, and somewhat greater leisure, than is commonly bestowed upon its results.

The *North American Review* contains a vindication of the Mormons by one of themselves, which is, as such, worth reading.

(4) *Annual Report of the Secretary of the Treasury on the State of the Finances for the Year 1880.* Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(5) *The Science of Mind.* By John Bascom, Author of "Philosophy of English Literature," &c. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1881.

(6) *The Student's Dream.* Chicago: Jansen, McClurg, & Co. 1881.

(7) *Madge, the Violet Girl; and other Poems.* By Mary D. Brine. New York: G. W. Harlan. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(8) *The Chapel; and other Poems.* By E. Foxton, Author of "Herman," &c. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1880.

(9) *Valuable Cooking Receipts.* By Thomas J. Murrey, late Caterer of Astor House and Rossmore Hotel of New York, &c. New York: G. W. Harlan. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

The Latter Day Saints, it would seem, have not much to urge in vindication of their institutions; but are prepared to dispute, and not without a show of plausibility, many of the most generally accepted items of the historical and practical charges brought against them, and generally received as unanswerable, if not silently admitted. The current number of *St. Nicholas* will be as acceptable to children as usual, and we need hardly say more in its favour.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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The Second Reading of the Land Bill—Russia—A Minister of Agriculture—The French in Tunis—Turkey and Greece—Railway Servants and their Work—Co-operative Farming—The Scrutin de L'Isle—Free Schools.

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